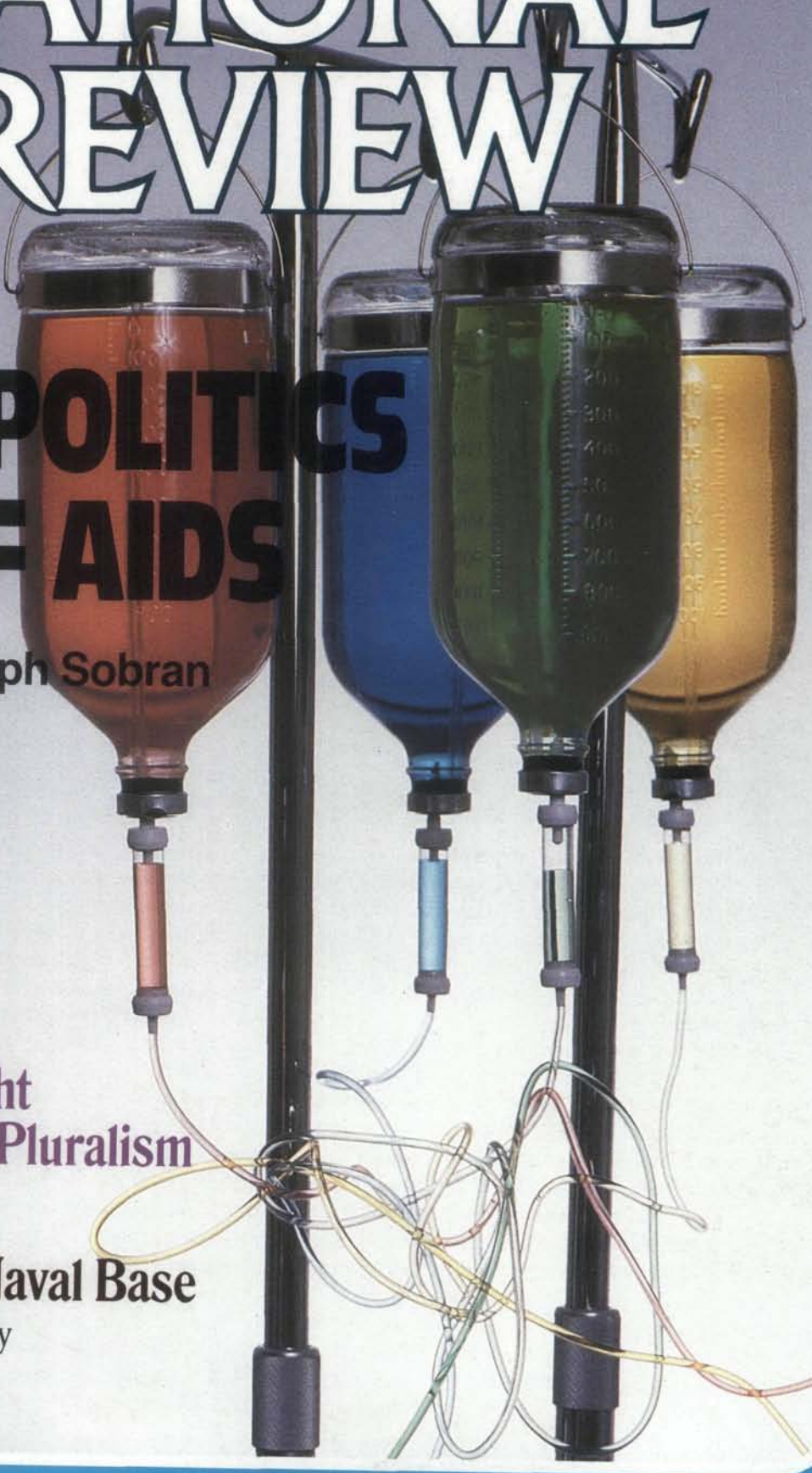
MAY 23, 1986

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. asks:
BOMB FRANCE!
—See page 54

NATIONAL REVIEW



THE POLITICS OF AIDS

Joseph Sobran

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The New Right And the New Pluralism

by David Wagner

Cuba's U.S. Naval Base

by Priscilla L. Buckley

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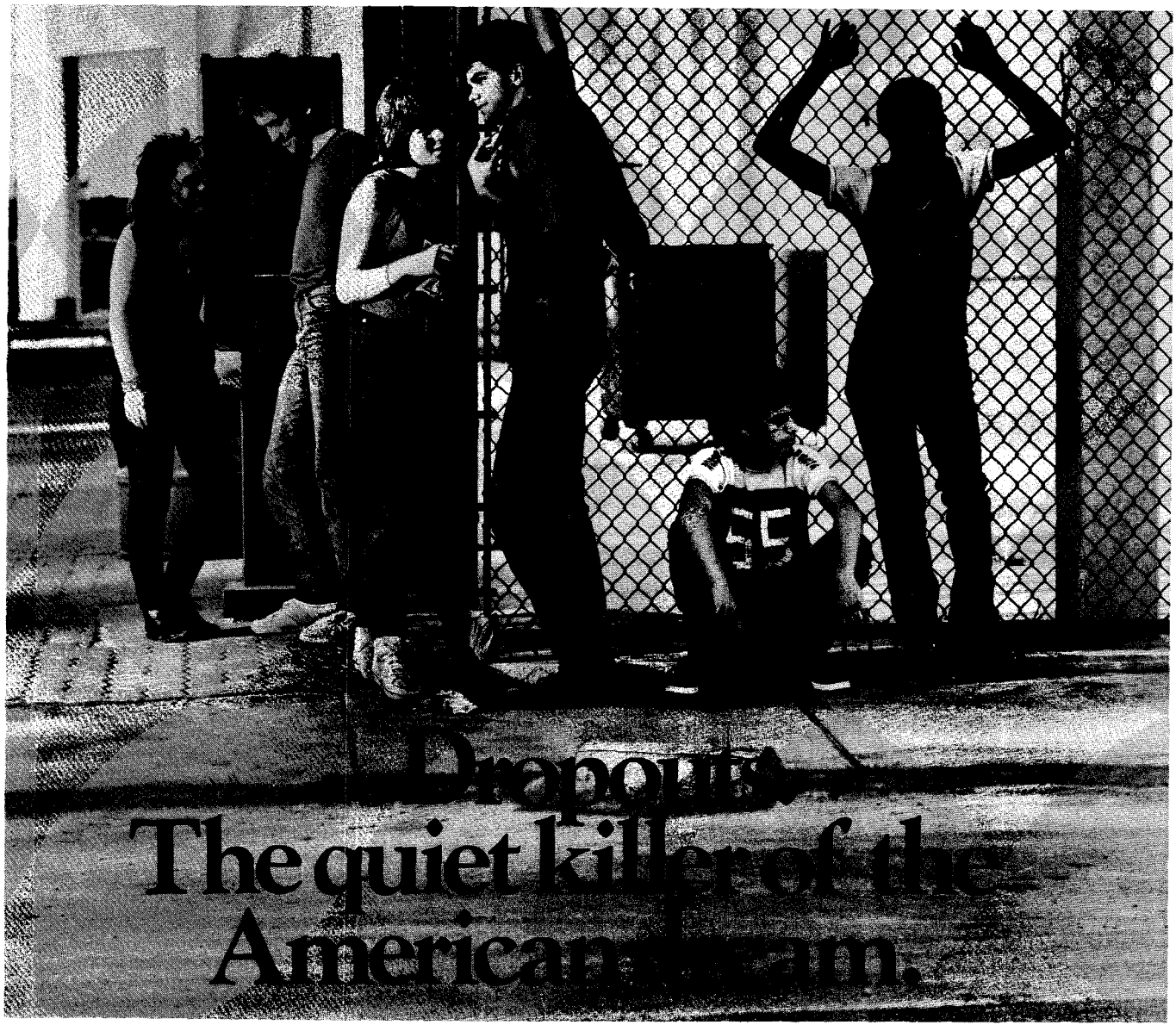

Dropouts. The quiet killer of the American dream.

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Thirty percent of America's teenagers aren't graduating from high school. That's three quarters of a million dropouts each year.

In our large cities — Boston, New York, Detroit, Chicago, Washington and Philadelphia — the dropout rate is 35-50%.

The cost to society of the dropout crisis is staggering. More than half of the nation's prison inmates are dropouts — and it costs taxpayers up to $25,000 a year to house a prisoner in a correctional institution. That total is higher than the cost of a year of education at either Harvard or Yale.

The Business Advisory Commission of the Education Commission of the States recently called on all of society — business, schools, civic organizations, labor and professional groups — to address the dropout problem. We as a nation cannot let one quarter of America's youth continue to drift toward hopelessness.

That's why the National Education Association has initiated a major new effort to rescue young people from academic failure. NEA has committed $1.7 million to this effort — one dollar for every NEA member. We will devote $700,000 to this war-chest against scholastic failure to Operation Rescue, our new program to combat the dropout and illiteracy syndrome.

The remaining $1 million will establish an endowment to make educational excellence grants available to teachers for years to come. And we're asking other concerned groups — both inside and outside education — to join teachers in building this fund. Our aim is to begin funding local dropout prevention programs by the fall of 1986.

Our goal with Operation Rescue? We want to help cut the dropout rate in half by 1990.

Our goal as an association? In over 128 years, that's never wavered. We stand for excellence in every classroom, for every child.

nea

National Education Association

THE SUBJECT IS EXCELLENCE

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LETTERS

Jonas and the Wail

Never has the liberal double standard been more despicably applied than in the case of Jonas Savimbi ["Can We Trust Savimbi?" by Peter Worthington, May 9]. While the backgrounds, motives, and financial and military sources of support of Third World rabble-rousers from Ho Chi Minh to Daniel Ortega have never been questioned, Savimbi has been held up to the kind of scrutiny usually reserved for Republican Cabinet nominees.

The liberals wail about Savimbi not being enough of a capitalist, although they themselves think "free market" is a dirty word. Since when has Anthony Lewis been worried about someone not being sufficiently anti-Communist? Where are the cries that we have "pushed Savimbi into the arms of the South Africans" or that to oppose UNITA is to be "on the wrong side of history"? The liberals must rid themselves of their inordinate fear of anti-Communism.

John Gattone
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Harvest of Shame

I want to thank you very much for printing Peter Paluch's "Spiking the Ukrainian Famine, Again" [April 11]. I was 12 years old when the famine took place. I lost most of my family; famished beyond recognition, I was thrown into a mass grave with corpses that had been gathered off the village streets. If it hadn't been for my stepmother, who pulled me out, the Russian "activists" who took all our food would have buried me alive. Having gone through that horror, I know why I can't even think about those days. But why, for God's sake, are our media silent? What is gnawing at their conscience?

Anna Pylypiuk
Chicago, Ill.

Peter Paluch's article on the Ukrainian "hidden holocaust" casts important light on the corruption that pervades our public-broadcasting establishment.

The problem is not simply that PBS is afraid of irritating the Soviets or the media. The problem is that it is in the control of left-wing ideologues who are responsible to no one but themselves, thanks to the willingness of Congress to give them a generous annual subsidy with no real concern for what they do with the money. Unless this is corrected, fine documentaries that all Americans should see, such as *Harvest of Despair* and *Television's Vietnam: The Impact of Media*, will not be shown on the taxpayers' network.

Reed Irvine
Chairman, Accuracy in Media
Washington, D.C.

My compliments for having the courage to publish Peter Paluch's "Spiking the Ukrainian Famine, Again." I wish I could say I was shocked by the media's callousness but, regretfully, I am not. Paluch is correct that Canadian coverage of the famine was better, but resistance to the subject here could also fill several volumes. In this city, a memorial erected to the victims of the famine was recently defaced with the word "lies." Canada has prosecuted racists and kooks who deny the Holocaust, but brushing off the famine as a Ukrainian fabrication is not an uncommon pastime even among people of good taste.

Oleh S. Ilnytzkyj
Assistant Professor of Slavic and
East European Studies
University of Alberta
Edmonton, Alta.

Bravo to Peter Paluch and NATIONAL REVIEW for exposing the shameful behavior of the American media vis-à-vis the film *Harvest of Despair*. The USSR has censorship by the government; we have censorship by the media.

Eugenia Grigoris
Arlington, Mass.

Libertine Theology

The ruminations of Michael Novak over the Vatican action against the Reverend Charles Curran ["The Curran Crisis," April 25] are most revealing because of the insights they give into "liberal theology." For the Catholic theologian there are not "two authorities," the "authority of the conscientious intellect and the authority of the Church." The authority that must guide the theologian's studies, in addition to the relatively few *ex cathedra* pronouncements, is the constant day-to-day traditional teaching of the Church, which is called the ordinary Magisterium. The theologian's work is not an independent or esoteric pursuit

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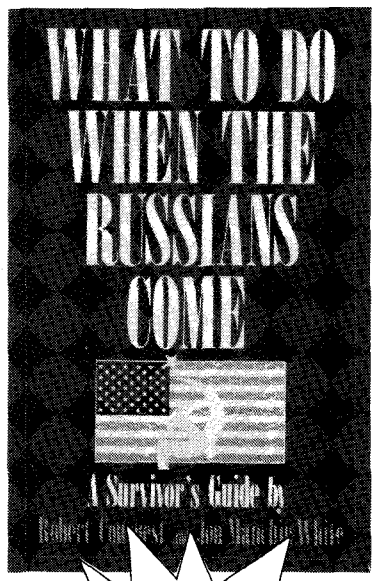
Strange advice from the authors:

BURN THIS BOOK

But that's only the beginning, if the peaceniks have their way and Russia ever does take over. The alternative might be to spend the rest of your days up near the Arctic Circle.

Say, what's going on here? Has the Conservative Book Club suddenly started offering kooky books?

Not on your life — and we use those words advisedly. This one is by Robert Conquest, who probably knows as much about the Soviets as any Westerner alive today. Conquest, now a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, wrote the classic study of Stalin's reign of murder, *The Great Terror*. Co-author Jon Manchip White is the Lindsay Young Professor of English at the University of Tennessee. So you'll be reading a serious book about a grim possibility. This isn't a *1984*-style fantasy. *This book is based entirely upon what hundreds of millions have suffered when the Communists took over — but with ingenious variations added especially for America.*



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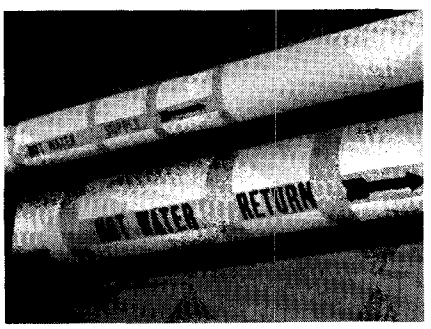

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outside the Magisterium, but one conducted in union with it. It must be an expansion or clarification of truth rather than a contradiction thereof. The theologian builds from the inside; he does not stand outside looking in.

This business about theologians being on the "cutting edge" of knowledge betrays the fundamental flaw in some theologians' thinking. The metaphor is taken from the physical sciences, but the physical scientist as such is not concerned with eternal, immutable truth. The scientist is content to advance hypotheses about the physical world that can be proved or disproved experimentally, depending on available technology. Theology is unlike medicine or any other science because it attempts to deal systematically with a body of truths already revealed and known from Scripture and the living tradition of the Church. The Catholic theologian accepts this as his starting point and does not try to invent new "truths."

Louis V. Caso
Philadelphia, Pa.

Meet Baby Doe

I was sorry to see that Carl R. Schmahl, in his review of *Selective Nontreatment of Handicapped Newborns* by Robert F. Weir [April 11], bought the media lie that the Bloomington Baby Doe was "severely deformed." In fact, this child had Down's syndrome and esophageal atresia, the latter being a condition that would have been operated upon without hesitation, and with a good chance for cure, in any infant who did not have a genetic disease. Baby Doe was not a gravely ill infant with a poor prognosis no matter what treatment was decided upon. He was a child who with surgery could have eaten and lived a fairly normal life, but was allowed to starve to death because his capacity for intellectual achievement was judged to be limited.

Peter K. Kummant, M.D.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Alien Sedition

A paragraph in "The Week" [March 28] states that Kim Dae Jung is restricted from political activity in South Korea only because he was convicted of a crime. What you fail to mention is that his "crime" was sedition—which, in his case, means that he called for a change of government. It has long been the position of the Kremlin that there are no political prisoners in the Soviet Union, only convicted criminals guilty of slandering the Soviet state.

Michael P. Stein
East Lansing, Mich.

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FOR THE RECORD

With the President off to meet NATO leaders in Tokyo, the polls continue to roll in—all favorable. Latest *Washington Post*/ABC News shows 76 per cent of Americans favor **Reagan**'s Libyan action, even though 50 per cent think it may lead to more terrorism. An astonishing 67 per cent would approve similar strikes against Soviet client states Iran and Syria if they initiate terrorist acts against Americans. . . . More important, says **Everett Carll Ladd** of **Roper**, is Reagan's "solidification of support over the past two years" and a marked decrease in the hostility of his opponents. As case in point, Ladd cites black voters: Only 10 per cent approved of Reagan six years ago; his approval rate is now between 30 and 33 per cent. . . . Latest **Gallup** shows 83 per cent of Americans expect economic recovery to last until next year, and *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News polls indicate more than 50 per cent express confidence in Reagan's handling of economy. (**Carter**'s rating, spring 1980, was 16 per cent approval.) . . . In Europe, meanwhile, immediate criticism of the U.S. action has given way to sober reflection. "European governments underestimated the depth of American public revulsion to Libya," Prof. **Paul Wilkinson**, a specialist in terrorism at the University of Aberdeen, told the *Christian Science Monitor*. . . . France made a big thing of its support of U.S. in UN vote, and French diplomats spread the word that early post-raid polls showed the French people favoring the raid. . . . Greek Prime Minister **Andreas Papandreou**, to be sure, remained his usual anti-American self. He has yet to see a "shred of evidence" of Libyan involvement in the West Berlin bombing. (Papandreou has yet to be convinced that USSR should be blamed for the downing of KAL 007.) . . . And our own Dr. **Benjamin Spock** says the death of **Qaddafi**'s adopted daughter has "made American children wonder if the President would order similar raids on their home towns." Dr. Spock also accused Ronald Reagan of being "a terrorist."

Gerard / Rotheo

"Janet and Fred, who, having figured their taxes jointly as well as separately and found they have nothing to lose, ask to become husband and wife."

It took only 24 hours after the **Chernobyl** Soviet nuclear accident for Coalition of Environmental/Safe Energy Organizations, a group of 18 anti-nuclear committees, to call for phase-out of U.S. nuclear-energy plants. . . . No surprise to see Union of Concerned Scientists at head of list, but what are Audubon Society and Sierra Club doing there? Commented **Scott W. Peters**, of Atomic Energy Forum: "Why should 15 per cent of our electrical capacity be shut down because of something that happened with a different kind of reactor without a containment structure?" . . . Latest Energy Department figures indicate a 17.1 per cent increase in nuclear-energy electricity generation in 1985, to a record 384 billion kilowatt hours. Nuclear power now accounts for 15.5 per cent of our electricity, up from 4.5 during Arab oil boycott in 1973. . . . Council of Bishops of **United Methodist Church** has gone one up on Catholic bishops and called for "clear and unconditioned" opposition to any use of nuclear weapons. The Methodists also reject concept of nuclear deterrence, which should, logically, suggest support of SDI, as a non-nuclear alternative. But no. . . . Win one, lose one. After 15 years as a foremost peace activist, Dr. **Helen Caldicott** is hanging up her bullhorn and placards. "The fate of the world," she says, "does not rest on my shoulders. It rests on everyone else's."

Dapper Dans: On April 29, **J. Daniel "Boss" Mahoney** was sworn in as a judge on the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second District in Manhattan's Foley Square Court House. Mahoney, with his brother-in-law **Kieran O'Doherty**, founded Conservative Party of New York in 1962, which very soon replaced Liberal Party as the third party on state ballot and sent a senator, **James L. Buckley**, to Washington. Mahoney will be succeeded by longtime executive director of Conservative Party, **Serphin R. Maltese**. . . . A week earlier **Daniel Oliver**, former general counsel at Education and Agriculture, onetime executive editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, was confirmed as chairman of Federal Trade Commission.

Political notes: Democratic Sen. **Alan Dixon** (Ill.) not breathing as easily as once he did. His November opponent, **Judy Koehler**, is making headway with series of political ads calling him a wimp for staying on Democratic ticket with **LaRoucheites**, now that **Adlai III** (the original wimp in Illinois politics) has bailed out. . . . In confused California GOP primary, Rep. **Bobbi Fiedler** has won endorsement battle with support from Sens. **Barry Goldwater**, **Orrin Hatch**, **Paula Hawkins**, **John Warner**, **Ted Stevens**, **Rudy Boschwitz**. . . . *Houston Chronicle* polls show Republican former Gov. **Bill Clements** with best chance of beating incumbent Democrat **Mark White** in November. Clements is in three-way primary against Rep. **Tom Loeffler** and former Rep. **Kent Hance**. . . . Announcement that former Mass. Gov. **Endicott Peabody** may run in New Hampshire against **Warren Rudman** has revived old joke. Peabody was only Massachusetts governor to be named after three towns: Endicott, Peabody, and Marblehead.

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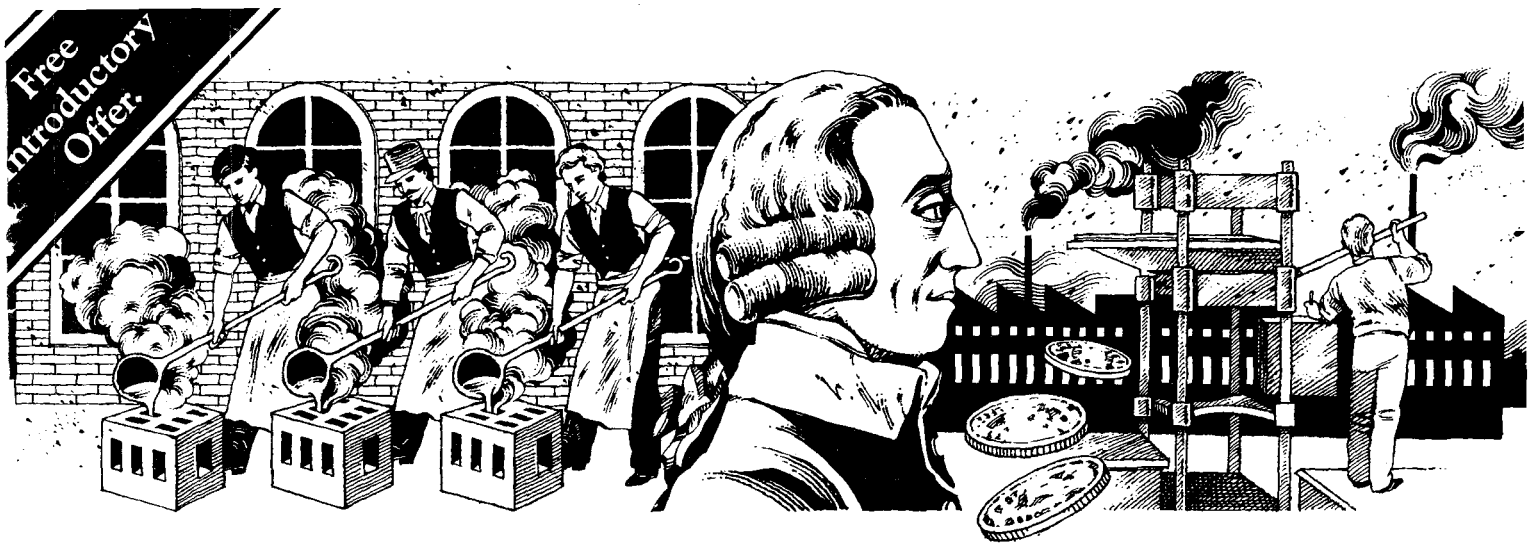

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THE WEEK

☐ Madalyn Murray O'Hair has resigned as president of American Atheists with the thought that there should be a statue of herself "in every park in America." There is a certain justice in turning her over to the pigeons, but defacing parks is a crime.

☐ How many people living outside the Beltway care about Michael Deaver? A show of hands, please. No one? But they care inside the Beltway, deeply, for two reasons. *Delayed gratification:* By the middle of 1984, the Democrats, without much else to ride, were riding the "sleaze factor" hard. The Reagan Administration, they said, was a cesspool of corruption, stretching from the EPA to Ed Meese's cufflinks. Then, Mondale went and picked Mrs. Zaccaro for Veep. End of the "sleaze factor." Only now are we beginning to make up for lost time. *Distraction:* It is always easier to go after motes than timbers. What, really, is Deaverism, up against the barter that is built into American politics—Social Security, affirmative action, defense contracts, low-cost loans, whatever? Much better to run solemn, obsessive articles on "Ethics in Washington" that skirt civic ethics, and touch nothing fundamental about Washington.

☐ Apropos of David Stockman and his I-repent-everything-including-myself book, about which there is much to report (see, e.g., "On the Right," p. 55), the following should be stressed here and now. Although liberals have taken to announcing that Stockman has repudiated supply-side economics, he has in fact done nothing of the sort. His book is about the political impossibility of bringing on the reforms necessary to attempt a full-scale experiment. Triumphant Reagan critics, who are carrying Stockman on their shoulders in ticker-tape parades because he calls for extra taxes, failed to pick up his recommendations—to be sure, discreetly made in his book: He wants fresh consumption taxes. He has never called for a higher marginal rate of taxation. He does not believe in a higher marginal rate of taxation. All of this he declared, under gentle prodding by his genial host, in filming *Firing Line*. Watch for it in your local TV directory.

☐ The case of ten Rutgers students who sued eight years ago to prevent the university from funneling mandatory student fees to the Naderite Public Interest Research Group finally reached the Supreme Court. The Court upheld a lower court's finding that PIRG is indeed ideological, not "educational," as Rutgers claimed, instructing Rutgers to lay off. Congratulations to Barbara Keating-Edh's Consumer Alert and the Mid-Atlantic Legal Foundation for carrying the ball. Henceforth Nader will have to get his money as everybody else does, by asking for it. Welcome to freedom, Ralph; hope it agrees with you.

☐ Students at Indiana University have erected a Gulag-style Soviet death camp across from the shanties that "enlightened" students erect on all liberal campuses. Message: Apartheid is wrong, but Soviet domination is infinitely worse. Good stuff.

☐ Well, there you go. Al Capone's vault was empty. No money, no liquor, no jewels, no skeletons even. It took two hours to blast through, with TV cameras and Geraldo Rivera present, and all that fuss for nothing. As Al himself once said: "It's really a shame to disabuse the public, to destroy one of their favorite myths. But honestly, there is not, nor has there ever been, what might be called a Capone gang." Either the poor guy was framed or he had a hell of a PR man. He seems to have had less of a past than Kurt Waldheim.

☐ Now that the government has expressed official anguish that the drop in oil prices is hurting U.S. oil producers, we expect it to show equal concern about the way the continued decline in tooth-decay rates is harming the nation's dentists, and announce a plan to lace the water supply with sugar syrup in order to put them back to work, which is no crazier than jawboning Saudi Arabia to raise oil prices.

☐ Adlai III, liberalism's answer to Rocky IV, has made it official by resigning as the Democratic candidate for governor of Illinois. He will run as an independent rather than share the ticket with followers of Lyndon LaRouche. This high-minded move has thrown a monkey wrench into the state's Democratic machine, though: Democrats with less name recognition depend for election on the Dem ticket. They can't afford to take the high-minded route of going independent. Regular Republicans are tickled. Con-

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servative Republicans, however, fear that Governor James Thompson will have it so easy he won't have to bother earning conservative support. Meanwhile, Stevenson has been thrown from a horse and hospitalized with a back injury. If the plot gets any thicker they'll make a soap opera out of it.

☐ As it pursues tort reform, the Reagan Administration should remember that the law-suit crisis is really one facet of the judicial-activism crisis. It is not enough to blame greedy plaintiffs and their contingency-fee lawyers; both groups have been around since time immemorial, and they didn't get very far until liberal judges began entertaining dubious tort claims in the 1960s. The solution is to strike not at contingency fees or lawyer advertising, but at the expansive doctrines that let the courts haul in "deep-pocket" defendants for fleecing.

☐ Bernhard Goetz is a free man. A New York appeals court has upheld dismissal of attempted-murder and assault charges against him for shooting four of his fellow New Yorkers on that subway in late 1984. The four aren't doing so well. One has just been convicted of rape and robbery. Another is doing time for robbery and parole violation. A third is under a minor sentence for robbery. The fourth now lives in a wheelchair, wherefore armed-robbery charges against him have been dropped.

☐ The fleet manager of the United States Postal Service has reportedly been spying on United Parcel Service trucks, to see why they last twice as long as USPS vehicles. No espionage required. UPS trucks last longer because they are privately owned. Next question.

☐ In response to recent terrorist attacks, Congress has enacted a $4.4-billion, five-year plan to relocate and secure U.S. diplomatic outposts and installations throughout the world, further decreeing that the money for all this should come out of current operating budgets. This raises a question, which Edwin J. Feulner Jr., chairman of the Advisory Commission on Public Diplomacy (the USIA oversight commission), addressed in a recent Op-Ed piece. "If, in order to pay the costs of new terrorist-resistant U.S. embassies overseas, we have to cut down on the activities that go on inside those embassies, haven't the terrorists already won?" Feulner and his commission are battling to make sure that security imperatives won't get in the way of the mission of the U.S. Information Agency and its libraries, cultural centers, language labs, and book programs, which is to educate and inform foreigners about the United States and its objectives. If you set up a hermetically sealed embassy in a secure location in, say, suburban Karachi, how many Pakistani students, journalists, businessmen, educators, or researchers will find the facilities of use? The commission and the USIA would like to have decisions on security for its facilities made on a station-by-station basis, taking into consideration the question of accessibility, rather than through a *Diktat* from State Department security officials in Washington.

☐ When President Reagan returns from his Asian trip, he will find on his desk, in the form of an executive order, the old issue of racial quotas. At an April 17 White House meeting presided over by chief of staff Donald Regan, Attorney General Edwin Meese (who opposes quotas in hiring) and Labor Secretary William Brock (who does not) failed to agree on a position satisfactory to both (as might be expected). Meese won: The executive order would remove racial favoritism in hiring by contractors doing business with the Federal Government. The issue of principle is clear. Mr. Reagan has repeatedly campaigned against quotas. Action is overdue. He should sign the executive order.

☐ The City Council of Hialeah, Florida, has found a neat way to circumnavigate Tip O'Neill's blockade against Contra aid. The local cops regularly confiscate large caches of weapons during drug busts, most of which they have been dumping in the ocean. But now the city, 80 per cent Cuban-American and staunchly anti-Communist, has decided to send the confiscated weapons to the Nicaraguan rebels, a move that, if duplicated in other drug-collecting metropolises, could make the whole Contra-aid debate academic.

☐ On the sixth anniversary of Zimbabwe's independence, Prime Minister Robert Mugabe announced that the constitutional provision that guaranteed whites representation in parliament was "obnoxious" and would be abolished. Just like that. The provision, hammered out at the Lancaster House meetings that resulted in the turning over of white Rhodesia to the black majority, assured whites of twenty seats in the hundred-seat chamber. It was hailed as a major development in the move from colonial to post-colonial status. At first Mugabe did not mess around with the whites, who had provided Zimbabwe with its industrial infrastructure and its successful agricultural economy. He was too busy cutting to pieces the Matabele

Mr. Compassion

Mario Cuomo, recycling what
At the convention was sizzling hot,
Said he'd get back to them when he was sure
Who'd be the patsy for helping the poor.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DAVID STOCKMAN bombed in Washington. That's the near-unanimous view of Washington politicos of all stripes. "That's not the way the game is played," says a GOP Senate aide. "Dave broke every rule in the book, and it was naïve of him to think he could get away with it." The President, chief of staff Donald Regan, and Treasury Secretary James Baker all dismissed the book with a calculated chuckle, calling it fiction, and refusing to give it credibility and build its impact by confronting Stockman's nasty charges.

Clearly, the person hurt most by the book is Stockman himself. "He is not only a Judas," says columnist Robert Novak, "he's a man of bad character. He's an admitted liar. He's a man who betrayed everybody who has befriended him." A seasoned Democratic political observer here notes, "This was a political betrayal the like of which we have not seen in a long time. And if David Stockman ever imagined he had a future in politics, elective or appointive, he can forget it." Furthermore, Stockman may have ruined himself with the business community. Trust remains the most important ingredient of American business, the best deals closed with a handshake. "No businessman in his right mind will sit in the same room with Stockman without thinking, 'What's this guy going to pull on me?' "

Assume the Republicans keep their Senate majority in 1986, narrowly or otherwise, as almost all pundits here predict. Then what happens to Majority Leader Bob Dole? Will he hold his Senate job and run for President at the same time? Rumblings of a confrontation if Dole tries it are already being heard. Majority Leader aspirants include former whip Ted Stevens (Alaska), who lost to Dole for the Majority Leader post by only one vote in January 1985, present whip Alan Simpson (Wyoming), Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici (New Mexico), and Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Richard Lugar (Indiana).

"Right now," says a Hill insider, "it's doubtful that Simpson could drum up enough support to challenge Dole, or any other candidate if Dole drops out of the leadership race." Domenici and Lugar, on the other hand, could mount serious challenges. The wild card is Stevens. Of all the hopefuls, he's most motivated. He misses door-to-door limo service and the other perks of leadership, and he's been using his defense-industry clout to raise money for a number of his Senate colleagues, thereby generating IOUs.

A Stevens campaign against Dole would probably advance two basic arguments: 1) Senate leadership should not be entrusted to someone campaigning for the Presidency, lest the critical Senate function be neglected. 2) Dole is not doing enough to relieve senators' "quality of life" problems: unpredicted shifting of Senate schedules, going idle for weeks followed by three consecutive all-night sessions on the eve of a recess, and other unpleasantnesses that can undermine, if not destroy, family life. While Dole is thought to be doing a generally acceptable job as Majority Leader, many senators are complaining, and Dole may take the blame.

Ultimately, the way the Bush and Kemp candidacies go may determine who runs the Senate in 1987 and thereafter, because that will signal Dole whether to seek the Presidency. Should Bush and Kemp falter, Dole may well go for the big prize. Articulate, more acceptable to some conservatives than Bush and possessing certain leadership qualities that Bush lacks, Dole also gets along better with his colleagues than Jack Kemp does. Against his abdicating as Majority Leader, Dole would be faced with the sharply reduced visibility that has plagued Howard Baker since he vacated the leadership position and left the Senate.

The principal uncertainty in Dole's future, however, is retiring Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt. Should the President's confidant enter the '88 race, as many Reaganite conservatives are encouraging him to do, Dole's chances for nomination would be notched down significantly. If Kemp fizzles, conservatives will flock to Laxalt, seeing in him the likeliest extension of Ronald Reagan, which is also why Laxalt inspires the Bush team with dread. —CATO

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tribes, which supported his arch rival and fellow freedom-fighter Joshua Nkomo. With Nkomo now disarmed, it's the turn of the whites, who will presumably be permitted to remain and tend their fields provided they don't step out of line and are content in their new role as second-class citizens. And no one, this side of Harare, complains. Racism is racist only if the man on top is white, a lesson South Africa's rulers understand. They don't need Robert Mugabe to point it out to them again.

☐ There is no evidence that Kurt Waldheim participated in Nazi atrocities in the Balkans, but it seems likely he knew of them. He has already changed his story about where he spent the war. And if he really kept his innocence in those days, he was a better man than most. In his defense, it can be said that Waldheim has some excuse for shiftiness: Germans and Austrians know they face a double standard. If Eichmann had committed his crimes for the Soviet Union, he would probably be buried in Red Square. But it is a relief to see liberals at last embracing the principle of guilt by association they condemned during the McCarthy days, when a "youthful flirtation" with Communism was assumed to have been innocent; since nearly *everyone* had done it, how could it be serious? Whereas the erstwhile popularity of Nazism never served to exculpate: It only created a general presumption of guilt. All of which may help explain why Austrians so hotly resent the current fuss over Waldheim, probably causing more of them to vote for him than otherwise would have.

☐ As we go to press, the Soviets have acknowledged two deaths at Chernobyl. And to think what a closed society it was before Gorbachev.

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☐ Never let it be supposed that "Dear Comandante" Ortega forgets his friends in the U.S. Congress. He has sent word that any U.S. advisors dispatched to Central America "are going to die."

☐ "I can't get a fair shake because I've got a big mouth," said Mr. Larry Holmes after losing his heavyweight bout. Yes you do, sir, but no, Colonel Qaddafi has a bigger mouth, and all the Europeans were wringing their pinkies after *he* lost one, so what's the problem?

☐ "I do not believe we can afford to let this right-wing crowd send a good man like Howard Wolpe into political oblivion," says Mr. Ed Asner, former actor, now described as an actor-hyphen-activist, "activist," nowadays, being the media term for one of *those* people. Naturally, this endorsement gives us ultra-rightists, as Mr. Asner would have it, an immediate interest in the political oblivion of Representative Wolpe. Get busy, troops.

☐ The New York law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore is offering starting salaries of $65,000, which practically guarantees the establishment of thousands of new law schools in the forthcoming stampede. The days of Western civilization draw short.

☐ ERRATUM: Brian Crozier's column in the April 25 issue contained the following sentence: "The hapless Che tried out his theory in the Peruvian Andes and ran into a communication problem with the local Indians, who only spoke Quechua; and, ultimately, into his own demise." Che Guevara indeed met his demise, and among the Quechua-speaking Indians, but in the *Bolivian* Andes. For confirmation see *See You Later Alligator*.

☐ Before terrorism gets a really bad name, let it be noted that it has prompted the cancellation of all sorts of American rock concerts in Europe this summer.

The Libyan Equation

LIKE ANY major political initiative, the raid on Libya must be assessed within multiple fields of force—in terms, that is, not only of its efficacy in attaining immediate goals but also of its secondary and tertiary effects. A few considerations:

1. The raid is unlikely to diminish terrorism in the short run and indeed is likely to increase it. Already there has been some evidence of this. Opponents of the Libya raid will of course attribute to it all terrorist acts in the coming months.

2. Qaddafi may have been strengthened superficially as a hero to his street mobs, but there are indications that he has been weakened with his officer corps, the backing of which is crucial to him. The raid may have provoked a failed coup attempt and a subsequent purge. It did demonstrate Libyan vulnerability, and carried no guarantee against escalation, which could motivate officers who prefer survival to the pursuit of Qaddafi's ideological goals. Toppling Qaddafi —and, after him, Khomeini—must rank as a major intention of Reagan's larger strategy. (In that context, Robert Stethem, Leon Klinghoffer, and the others are now being answered for.)

3. In domestic politics, the raid was a large political plus for Reagan, and not only because of his jump in the polls. To a considerable extent, the American public has recovered from its post-Vietnam funk—in this, far in advance of the media and the Democratic Party. The tidal wave of public support for the Libya raid washed over Tip O'Neill and Edward Kennedy, heretofore indistinguishable from pacifists, who backed the raid even *before* the President's announcement from the Oval Office. Most of the Democratic Party followed suit; such political exotics as Jesse Jackson, Ron Dellums, and Patsy Schroeder were isolated as a rump peace party, joined by Republican eccentrics like Lowell Weicker and Mark Hatfield.

From now on it will be difficult for Democratic regulars to depict Reagan as a reckless warmonger or to oppose his foreign policy in a rote fashion. The erstwhile peace front has been fractured, and the first faint growls of a Left/peace third party have begun to be audible; probably Jackson would lead it.

4. The raid put the Europeans in a put-up-or-shut-up position. Before the raid, they opposed any serious action, military or diplomatic. Now, tardily, they are making arrests, expelling questionable aliens, stepping up police work. Reagan has threatened further, larger raids, thus putting additional pressure for action on our NATO "allies."

5. American reaction to European flaccidity, almost universally critical, could shock Europe out of its forty-year slumber. Europe is the military equivalent of a welfare case, and exhibits all the negative symptoms of dependency where character, initiative, and self-respect are concerned.

6. Libya of course is a Soviet client state. Reagan demonstrated forcefully that this status confers no immunity, as Soviet-built equipment turned to smoking rubble. Other client states are now no doubt recalculating costs and risks. Chalk up a plus for Reagan's doctrine, a minus for Brezhnev's. On Daniel Ortega's head the crown now rests less easily.

7. Finally, to reassure us with a touch of the familiar, anonymous State Department spokesmen sought out the press to point out that Syria and Iran would be more dangerous and to vouchsafe that, for example, "I wonder how long the polls will show a high approval rating in this country if the losses begin to

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mount without any evidence that terrorism has been ended." It would cause a profound shock to the nervous system if the second and third levels at State supported a Reagan policy, however promising.

Three Mile Islandsky

SOMETIME DURING the last weekend in April, a reactor at the Chernobyl nuclear-power station in the Ukraine suffered an extremely serious accident —so serious that even Radio Moscow was calling it a "disaster." Early reports from Kiev, seventy miles to the south, said that normal bus traffic had been stopped to make way for evacuation vehicles. Abnormal levels of radioactive material were picked up in Sweden, eight hundred miles away. Early on, Moscow was admitting to two deaths from radiation; UPI put the toll at two thousand, and climbing.

This is by no means the first Soviet nuclear disaster. In 1957, tanks of improperly stored nuclear waste exploded in the Chelyabinsk region of the southern Urals. According to geneticist Zhores Medvedev, the blast "carried heavily contaminated soil over more than a thousand square miles. Strong winds blew the radioactive clouds for dozens of miles. Tens of thousands of people were affected . . ."

Needless to say, both these catastrophes are far worse than any nuclear accident in the Western world. (No, come to think of it, it is unfortunately not needless to say.) They are worse, because Soviet technical competence is at a Third World, Bhopal level, while Soviet concern for health and safety is virtually non-existent. Two of the four reactors at the Chernobyl site lack containment vessels—the concrete domes that, in America, have to be able to withstand earthquakes. Soviet planning also calls for reactors to be placed as close as possible to the cities they serve, the better to facilitate urban central heating. If, accidentally, things get too hot—well, too bad.

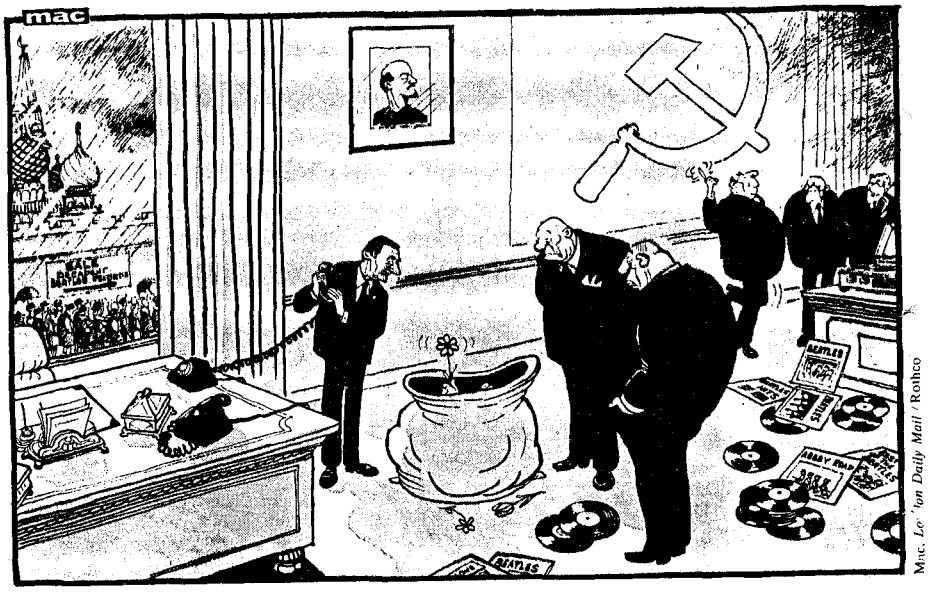
Meanwhile, outside the Soviet Union, nuclear-power programs are forging on apace, cheaply and safely. (The Swedes first noticed the Soviet cloud because it set off radioactivity detectors at their own plants.) By the end of the century, Japan's nuclear-power capacity will treble, while France's will be supplying three-quarters of the country's electricity needs.

So it goes, everywhere in the non-Communist world: everywhere, that is, except the United States. Because of an accident in which, as Petr Beckmann points out, the only lives lost will be those of the people who contract cancer from the increased coal burning that was necessary to take up Three Mile Island's slack, the American nuclear-power industry continues to tread water. Now is the time, as oil prices spiral down, to prepare against the day when they will inevitably rise. As *The Economist* puts it, "Only by investing heavily in nuclear power today can the world be sure of avoiding high-cost energy in the 1990s and beyond." Meaning, the free world—the world that does it right.

Radio Free Europe in Crisis

RADIO FREE EUROPE and Radio Liberty—the vital U.S. radio stations headquartered in Munich—are facing a financial crunch of monumental proportions. Earlier this year, the radio stations absorbed a painful Gramm-Rudman cut, like every other federally funded agency or operation. That reduction forced them to economize severely, curtailing important new programs and ongoing activities. But now the Munich radio stations face a financial crisis more severe than anything imposed by Gramm-Rudman, perhaps the worst financial crisis in their history.

The immediate cause of the crisis is the precipitate decline in the value of the dollar. The radios live on dollars appropriated by Congress, but they operate largely in the West German economy, meaning that every dollar appropriated must be converted into German marks. The plunge of the dollar since Congress last appropriated money has reduced the radios' operating budget by effectively $22 million this year—a 21 per cent cut, far surpassing the Gramm-Rudman reduction of 4.3 per cent. If urgent measures are not taken in Washington to appropriate supplemental funds, the radios will run out of money by July 4.



Mac, Lo 'ion Daily Mail / Rothco

"It's Reagan about your latest suggestion of a John Lennon-type peace love-in, Comrade Gorbachev."

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The OMB has approved a $14.5-million supplemental package, now wending its way through Congress. Unfortunately, this bill has been encumbered by layers of fat added on in the House of Representatives. President Reagan has rightly threatened to veto the bill in its present form—meaning that the rescue money would go down with the rest of the bill.

While it is possible that the Senate Appropriations Committee will somehow fix up the House bill sufficiently for it to pass muster and be signed into law, this is not likely to happen before July 4. Even more disturbing, the amount of $14.5 million currently in the bill will not be anywhere near sufficient to save the radios. The shortfall would still amount to nearly one month's operating budget. The Administration, however, could transfer the requisite $22 million from an account in the national budget where a surplus exists (there are numerous possibilities). Such action would be fairly routine and require only a voice vote in the House and Senate. This seems to be the surest way to make certain that the radios continue operating without interruption. It will require, however, the full authority of President Reagan to make this happen.

It is inconceivable that Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty should cease broadcasting, even temporarily, under a Reagan Administration. The two radio stations have the unique mission of serving as surrogate domestic radio services for the countries to which they broadcast, focusing their news and commentary on events in Eastern Europe and the USSR. Their influence behind the Iron Curtain is considerable, and they are a target of constant venom from the Communist governments of the region. For millions, they are a cherished lifeline to the free world.

The President should devote his personal attention to this one.

Neighborhood Effects

THE SUPREME COURT has taken two small but worthy steps against pornography. The Court ruled 7 to 2 (Brennan and Marshall are still around) that communities can limit porn by zoning it away from residential areas, parks, churches, and schools. The Court also ruled, 6 to 3 (Stevens too this time), that police seizures of obscene video cassettes don't violate the First Amendment. But it struck down an Indianapolis ordinance that banned porn as discriminatory against women.

An encouraging sidelight is that the liberal editorialists are letting the ACLU shout alone. Even the *New York Times* has quietly dropped the argument that if you ban *Hustler* you will go on to ban Plato.

A Minneapolis law now under attack by "civil-libertarians" requires the hard-core stuff to be sold in sealed wrappers or kept out of the reach of minors. A lawyer from the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union argues: "The problem is that retailers don't know how to comply. They ask, 'How do I know what's going to be obscene to minors? Do I have to read every magazine and book I sell?' " Heaven forbid. Grocers don't have to taste every package of hamburger they sell either, but they'd better not give their customers rotten meat. And bad meat doesn't advertise itself as such. Porn does. Minneapolis isn't overtaxing the literacy skills of retailers.

The liberal community has finally begun to recognize, however tacitly, that pornography, like factories, has "neighborhood effects" and must therefore be subject to some regulation. The paradigm of "private acts between consenting adults" has created new, and foul, social realities. The entire liberal agenda has leaned on the insight that capitalist transactions have profound consequences for third parties; it's about time liberalism revoked the odd exemption it has extended to the entrepreneurs of obscenity.

Pass/Fail

THE REVOCATION of the pass laws—the system that stringently controlled the movements of South African blacks—removes a major prop from apartheid. It is also a tribute to the Reagan Administration's policy of constructive engagement with Pretoria: seeking change by inducement, persuasion, and pressure.

None of this counts for much with many of South Africa's enemies. Since their goal is revolutionary change, they have no use for reform. "Apartheid cannot be reformed," declared a spokesman for the United Democratic Front. "It must be eradicated." "The Pretoria regime," said four South African Catholic bishops in a joint statement with the African National Congress, "cannot be an agent for change." Bishop Tutu has "no hope." The shanty set over here will take its cue accordingly. Revolution, in the South African context, means continuing and escalating violence, followed at the end by, at most, one election—one man, one vote, one time: a conse-

Some Gentleman

It's true that daisies never tell,
  Nor should a lover when
The passion to perform becomes
  Restricted to the pen.
In boudoirs as in public life,
  A memoir mustn't blab,
But Stockman's spilling everything
  That happened in the cab.

W. H. VON DREELE

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quence some of the revolutionaries (most notably the Communist-allied ANC) recognize, and desire.

From this point of view, American constructive engagement is useless. America can only contribute to the revolutionary process by economic warfare. Hence the calls for private disinvestment and government sanctions. This is not an entirely satisfactory option, for America does not wield total economic power over South Africa. The South African economy is virtually autarkic, and about the only immediate effect of an American commercial pullout would be a windfall for South African investors. But to the extent that such policies fostered unemployment and discontent, they would aid the revolutionary effort.

So President Botha, and President Reagan, should expect no applause from interested parties. White South Africans are not willing to disappear, and Washington as of now is not willing to eradicate them; both seem to want only reform. That is not nearly enough.

Time to Stop

A JURY IN Las Vegas recently ordered the Stardust Hotel to pay $3.5 million to a woman who was raped at the hotel.

—An 18-year-old in Redding, California, received a settlement of $260,000 plus $1,500 a month when he was paralyzed after falling through a skylight while trying to break into the local high school.

—Six million dollars has been awarded to a swimmer who was injured when he dived into the ocean at Newport Beach, California, and struck a sandspit, which his lawyer argued should have been marked.

The 650,000 lawyers in the United States will file more than 13 million law suits this year. While many are reasonable suits made by deserving claimants, some, like the above, make exorbitant demands, argued on questionable grounds. Suits like these have been forcing John and Jane Doe to pay astronomical insurance rates, drastically alter their business practices, and sometimes even close up shop.

Jesse Jackson, Farmer

There he was in overalls,
Making digs and taking calls
Where the banks and sheriffs rate
On a par with fishing bait.
Publicly, the party pros
Scan the ceiling, then their toes,
Though in private many make
Bets he'll step upon a rake.

W. H. VON DREELE

Medical-malpractice claims have caused health-care costs to soar. Doctors often prescribe costly and unnecessary procedures and tests simply to safeguard against malpractice claims. City and state governments report that liability-insurance rates have doubled and tripled; in some cases insurance is unavailable at any price. Businesses from restaurants to roller rinks are closing down rather than run the risk of liability suits.

The cost of all this is borne by the consumer, through higher prices, insurance rates, and taxes. We are approaching parody: the burglar suing his victim.

In Praise of Payola

THE UNASKED QUESTION about the payola scandal is why a perfectly sensible form of promotion, with great benefits to both consumers and producers of newer, less well-known products—a form of promotion practiced in different ways in most retail businesses—should be considered scandalous when applied to the record industry. Supermarkets accept "new-product fees," in exchange for which they provide choice display space to new items seeking a market. Many retailers accept substantial subsidies from producers in the form of below-cost prices on heavily promoted items. So how did it become scandalous, and illegal, for record companies to pay radio stations to play their records?

We don't have any inside scoops, but the rule of *Cui bono?* suggests some possibilities. The biggest cost in the record industry is promotion. There are many small investors—including new record companies, and even new artists—who might be able to finance the production of a record. But under the current system, producing the record is the least of it, and promoting the record usually requires the national marketing clout—acquired over the course of many years, at great cost—of a major record company. That is why a recording contract with an important company is so valuable.

Replace this complex promotional system with a simple cash bid for air time—payola—and the record business becomes less capital-intensive and more competitive: It may be easier and cheaper to buy air time than to establish the connections needed to get it free. It is in the collective interest of major record companies to outlaw payola: If artists can't buy their way onto the air, they are dependent on the major companies and their connections. Of course once payola is outlawed it is in the interest of the major companies to break the law, which they apparently do, with the aid of Mafia-linked "promotional specialists."

The anti-payola crusaders, such as Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, where the record industry is a powerful lobby, proclaim they are doing it all for art, or for consumers. But not only would legal payola help poorer artists and smaller companies, it would

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give consumers one of the things they want most from radio: fewer commercials, since radio stations would have another source of income. The old rule still applies. If you hear some dummy shouting unfair competition, look for a ventriloquist owned by a cartel.

Safer Is Richer

THE LEFT takes it as a given that the U.S. economy is terribly burdened by the military enterprise of defending it, as if it were fine to build houses but wasteful to erect fences around them. As we are often informed in other contexts, however, the high costs of a government program may be outweighed by even higher benefits. The basic benefit of defense to the economy lies not in creating jobs (building new pyramids would do that) nor even in spinning off high-tech novelties, but simply in safeguarding the economy itself and the people who participate in it.

Now Wayne State economist David Fand has assembled evidence to back the common-sense notion that an economy is more vibrant when it is more secure. It seems the trend line of the dollar's strength since 1970 almost precisely tracks the course of real defense spending: plunging under President Carter, recovering under President Reagan, then falling back last year when Reagan agreed to a defense freeze and again when Gramm-Rudman seemed to doom the defense buildup. In fact, defense outlays were a much better predictor of the dollar's strength than trends in the deficit or interest rates. Oil prices also moved in reverse sympathy with defense, rising while we were dismantling our military capabilities and then falling when we began to reverse the process.

"This is why strong defense spending is usually a good investment, because the dollar costs in outlays are compensated by the falling real costs of imports, especially oil," Fand explains. "Investors and speculators tend to move to currencies of countries they believe are safe and strong—and away from currencies of countries they think are vulnerable and weak." If the Congressional Budget Office models took into account the economic benefits as well as costs of defense, who knows how the debate in Congress might change?

Wallis Warfield Simpson, Duchess of Windsor, RIP

IN THE CONFLICT between role and personal life, Edward VIII was luckier than most. By abdicating as King of England he both strengthened the monarchy and was able to marry the twice-divorced American whom he loved.

In 1936, the British Empire was a serious force in the world, a counterbalance to the rising power of Germany and Japan, and the monarchy, as the unifying symbol of the empire, was a serious matter. Though Winston Churchill regarded the King's emotions toward Mrs. Simpson as one of the great love stories of the century and urged that he be allowed to marry her and retain the throne, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin was surely right in vetoing the idea, and Baldwin reflected British opinion at the time. A King Edward VIII married to his American love would have been in no position to symbolize the empire in its coming crisis, let alone head the Church of England. In George VI, England found a more resolute figure.

One must add that the British establishment treated the Duchess rather shabbily, largely ostracizing her, and pursuing her to her grave with the repeated claim that she had wished to be queen and the unsupported assertion that her life with Edward had been a hollow round of parties. Edward's words of abdication, broadcast over the radio, remain eloquent and moving, a great tribute to the woman who would remain with him to the end; and as Duke and Duchess of Windsor they behaved with style and dignity. They deserved the life of private fulfillment that they found.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Browsing through a local wine and cheese shop, I chanced upon a dozen or so dusty crates of Napa Valley red wine bottled exclusively for the 1984 Democratic National Convention, now offered to the public at a considerable discount.

Having sampled the stuff, I would describe it thus: fruity bouquet; lack of character; amusing in its presumption; dismal finish.

In vino veritas.

Yours sincerely,
Harry Butler
Studio City, Calif.

☐ Mr. Buckley,

Salve!

Senatorem iuniorem nostrum laudemus. Studet linguam Anglicam linguam rei publicae facere. Tamen certe non possumus dicere linguam Anglicam optimam imperii sermonem esse cum lingua Latina facile praestat omnibus aliis. Vale!

Pro Dronis,
Doug Wilson
Moscow, Idaho

Dear Mr. Wilson: Our Latinists have come up with, "Greetings: Let us praise our junior senator. He is

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diligent in the English language in order to make it the language of public affairs. Nevertheless, we surely cannot say that the English language is the best language of government, since the Latin language easily excels all others. Farewell! —On behalf of the Drones Club." And our Latinists volunteer, "The letter is written in rather elegant Latin, with two good uses of indirect discourse." Up Moscow. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My father and I are not alone. Our Labrador retriever also savors intelligent commentary. As a matter of fact, Custer snatched the most recent *NR* from our coffee table and literally devoured it. We find that he spurns other recent literature, but relishes *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare.* Good breeding obviously begot a discriminating palate in his case, but we feel some training may be in order.

First, in the interest of broadening Custer's political exposure, we are considering feeding him *The Nation* intravenously. Also, we believe the well-educated canine should cultivate a taste for more than just one poet. Any suggestions?

Yours,
Terence B. Byrne
Lake Charles, La.

Dear Mr. Byrne: Lots of them, but it is bad to overfeed the doggies. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

Being an unemployed attorney has its advantages. Not only have I had the opportunity to spend time with my twenty-month-old son, but I have had the opportunity to catch up on my reading. And read I have. Chief among my reading list were all of your Blackford Oakes novels, which I greedily consumed in a three-week time span.

My official rating is as follows:

Marco Polo, If You Can
Who's on First (great last line)
Saving the Queen
The Story of Henri Tod
Stained Glass

Believe it or not, my next child, should it be a son, will be named Blackford or Rufus (depending upon the extent of my inebriation on the day of the blessed event).

Of course, my wife, who has not had the pleasure of reading your novels, will probably not allow those names and has forthrightly rejected any notion of naming the as yet unconceived child Sally Partridge.

In any event I will try to coax my wife into a) naming our child as I have outlined above, b) reading your novels, and c) allowing me to obtain a subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW (she is, of course, the family treasurer).

Donato, *Toronto Sun* / Rothco

Anyway, keep writing Oakes novels. If I do get a job I will be able to read any new volumes on the LIRR. When I finish the novels, I will turn to NATIONAL REVIEW.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Michael P. Fried
Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Fried: Except for the, er, matter of your unemployment, you are leading a wonderful life. Please give our best to Mrs. Fried, and warn her that if she crosses you at the high moment of your inebriation, she might find she has given birth to Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria. Cordially, WFB

P.S.: What's the matter with *See You Later Alligator*?

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Why doesn't NATIONAL REVIEW have a swimsuit issue?

Robert del Valle
Troy, Mich.

Dear Mr. del Valle: All our issues are swimsuit issues. That is why you get hot flushes when you read us. Cordially, **—WFB**

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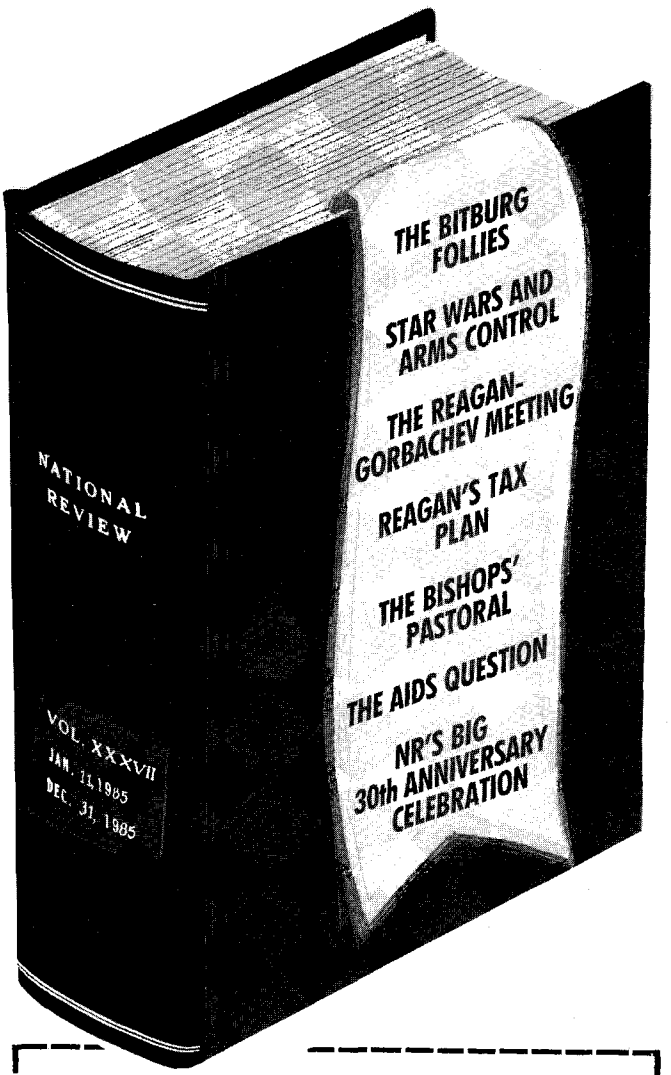

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PREACHER PAT

"I BELONG TO the Lord," said Pat Robertson last August, referring to a possible 1988 bid for the GOP presidential nomination. "If the Lord told me to do something, I'd do it, whatever it was." Washington insiders opine that the Almighty will soon give the TV evangelist the signal he is waiting for.

Some pundits here dismiss a Robertson candidacy, but the religious-talk-show host might surprise them. "Don't underestimate Robertson," Congressman Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.) admonishes. Conservative Caucus chairman Howard Phillips says guardedly that Robertson has "a real possibility" of being a serious challenger and predicts that he will clean up in Michigan, an early caucus state where Robertson has already built an extensive network.

The scion of an aristocratic Virginia family, Robertson is telegenic, suave, fluent, and bright. No pulpit-thumping backwoods rube, he graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Washington and Lee and holds a law degree from Yale. With his cool and courtly manner, Robertson contrasts with the more abrasive approach of other big-name evangelists. "Pat is at least as political as I am," says Jerry Falwell, "but he is far more subtle."

He is also far more secular. Robertson's *700 Club* resembles the *Tonight Show* more than your standard religious program. The talk show concentrates on topics in the news and downplays purely religious issues. Robertson has good command of economic theory, and lately he has ventured into foreign policy. Last year he toured the Sudan with Vice President George Bush, visited Contra training camps in Honduras, and personally delivered $1 million in medical supplies to Guatemala.

Robertson's fundraising apparatus is already in place, as are his many volunteers. Through his Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN), the nation's third largest cable network, he reaches more than seven million households each week. His Freedom Council has more than 200,000 dues-paying members and a network of volunteer activists in every state. It seeks to raise $2 million for Republican candidates in 1986. "Robertson is certainly one candidate who will have no trouble raising money in '86," says Washington political consultant Lyn Nofziger.

Robertson's biggest plus is his identification with traditional values. He shares Ronald Reagan's visceral priorities: anti-Communism, family values, freedom from big government. Republican pollster Lance Tarrance reports that 30 per cent of Republican voters would respond to a Robertson-style candidacy stressing family values.

On the other hand, several constituencies will have trouble stomaching Robertson. Conservative hard-liners won't like his support for defense cuts and his reliance on the states to prohibit abortion. Jews and yuppies will reject him because of their church-state sensitivity and social-issues liberalism. Even some God-fearing folk might not approve of a cleric dabbling in politics. Robertson himself points to this as a major reason for CBN's current financial problems: A drop in donations has forced layoffs, news-program cancellations, and the sale of three TV stations.

Robertson's critical obstacle is the "wacko factor," as some Washington types put it—his charismatic excesses. Preacher Robertson believes that God's actions in people's lives are miraculous. So, at prayer meetings, he speaks in tongues, expels demons with shouts of "Satan be gone!," cures lung cancer and hemorrhoids. Claiming "Prophet of God" status, he has called down the divine wrath on his critics. And when hurricane Gloria threatened Virginia Beach last fall, "we rebuked that thing, commanded it," says Robertson, and the city was spared.

Lately the evangelist has toned down his fervor, but rest assured that his charismatic displays will be derided by the press here when his candidacy is unveiled. This doesn't mean that Robertson is totally vulnerable, however. Attacks against him may look like attacks against religion, and that's why Republican candidates disavow any intention of capitalizing on the "wacko factor." "It's too hot a potato," says one GOP hopeful's strategist.

A FEBRUARY 26 *Los Angeles Times* poll, doubtless based on name recognition and so meaning practically nothing politically, shows Robertson at 5 per cent. That puts him even with Dole, ahead of Haig and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and behind Kemp by just two points. (Bush scored 39.) Also, his expected strong showing in the South's super-primary on March 8 will serve to shift voting patterns somewhat. Robertson is likely to siphon conservative support from Kemp, thereby benefiting Bush. Is Kemp worried? "Not at all," says spokesman John Buckley, but other Kempites are less sanguine. "Robertson is a concern to us," says a high-ranking Kemp official, adding that the expected Robertson showing has already prompted Kemp to put more emphasis on social issues.

"When all is said and done, Robertson has zero chance of winning the nomination and election," says a Democratic analyst (correctly). But Robertson's impact will be felt nevertheless. His most enduring legacy could be the deghettoizing of the Religious Right. "If Robertson can become a respected member of the Republican establishment," says a conservative think-tank scholar, "he can show fundamentalists that the Republican Party is their natural political home." FDR brought Jews and blacks into the Democratic Party. Pat Robertson might well bring a new and powerful voting bloc—evangelicals—solidly into the GOP. □

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ABOUT THAT DOCTRINE

EXCEPT IN a few sensible and intelligent places, such as *NR*, the Reagan Doctrine doesn't seem to be attracting the support it deserves. Professor Robert Tucker of Johns Hopkins, for example, writing in the *New York Times* (April 9), was quite rude. He called the Reagan Doctrine "a policy of ambitious ends and modest means, a policy that is ultimately dependent on a tendentious reading of the current tides of history."

We have here two distinct propositions: that the means are inadequate; and that the historical analysis upon which the doctrine rests is faulty. The first of these is more firmly based than the second. The trouble with President Reagan's foreign policy is not the President but Congress and the media. The President has a global view and thinks strategically, which involves a time span. Most congressmen think for the current year and enjoy—nay, wallow in—their power to delay, cut down, and frustrate.

It has ever been so. "Containment," as James Burnham pointed out very early in the lifetime of that regrettable concept, was relatively easy to sell to the politicians, since it offered the attractions of nebulosity and the false righteousness of never being the first to strike. It led, by accelerating stages, to the disaster of Vietnam.

The Reagan Doctrine rests upon the proposition that peoples unfortunate enough to have been colonized by Soviet Communism, whether directly exerted or projected through surrogates, don't actually like their new condition. They take up arms, when they can find them, for self-liberation. What the President is saying is that we should help them to liberate themselves.

For my part, I find nothing morally repugnant in this proposition, and it is surely better, in terms of enlightened self-interest, than simply observing from afar, as Jimmy Carter did while the Soviets organized a massive airlift to transport Cubans to Africa as instruments of Soviet imperial power.

Turning now to historical analysis, Professor Tucker finds "an almost breathtakingly optimistic view of the world of the 1980s" at the core of the Reagan Doctrine. The professor, a philosophical pessimist, sees no sign that the Soviets perceive themselves to be overextended, or that the global balance has changed significantly in favor of the United States, or that there is a dramatically rising tide of freedom in the Third World. Moreover, he argues that to deter the Soviets from embarking on further expansionism or to cause them to pull back anywhere would require such high expenditures that Congress would deny Reagan the money to do the job.

LET US CONSIDER these arguments more carefully. In fact, there *is* a dramatically rising tide of freedom in the Third World. Twenty and thirty years ago, nearly all the Third World insurgencies were Communist-controlled. The occasional anti-Communist risings—the Khambas in Tibet, for instance—were isolated and bound to be overwhelmed in the end. The mass uprising of the Hungarian people was of an entirely different order of magnitude, but doomed because of the country's geographical location and Western fear of generalized war.

Today the situation is dramatically different. The popular resistance movements in Afghanistan, in Angola, and in Mozambique, along with the Nicaraguan Contras, constitute a new and most encouraging phenomenon. If we are talking money, it is far, far cheaper to provide even advanced weaponry and training for Savimbi and the Contras than it is to equip the armies of often corrupt, though friendly, governments, as in Vietnam. And infinitely cheaper than sending U.S. troops into the fray. What Professor Tucker perceives as inadequate ("modest") means is in fact a valid way of responding to a new situation.

It is against this background that the intentions of the Soviets have to be analyzed. Professor Tucker is quite right in detecting no signs that they are wavering in their determination to support their Third World clients. As I have often pointed out, they cannot formally abandon Leninist expansionism without disowning the sole basis of legitimacy of the Soviet state.

But Grenada showed that when decisive action is taken, at least in peripheral areas, the Soviets will accept the accomplished fact. I believe they would similarly accept it if the U.S. gave full logistical support to an attempt by Seychelles exiles to liberate their island from the oppressive "Marxist" rule of President René. In the much more critical case of Nicaragua, I do not believe the Soviets would risk a confrontation with the U.S. if President Reagan could persuade Congress to provide the money for a serious—that is, protracted—struggle.

The string of almost bloodless teleguided coups whereby Soviet imperial power has been extended in the Third World since the advent of Castro probably qualifies, in relative terms, as the cheapest bit of empire building in history. No conquering legions have crossed the oceans to carry Moscow's red flag to the furthest reaches of its imperium. It has all been done locally, on the cheap, by Soviet-trained terrorists and revolutionaries (the exception is Afghanistan). The high costs come later, as in Cuba, Vietnam, and Nicaragua, where the built-in inefficiency of socialism does indeed constitute a major drain of resources from the Soviet economy, itself hopelessly inefficient.

By helping those who help themselves, Reagan is doing no more than turn the tables on the Soviets by using the same modest but cost-efficient methods in reverse. □

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THE POLITICS OF AIDS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

On March 20, New York City finally got its gay-rights law. After nearly two decades of rejecting it or bottling it up in committee, the City Council passed the bill by the surprisingly wide margin of 21 to 14. That night, New Yorkers' TV screens were filled with news footage of jubilant homosexuals hugging, kissing, and dancing in celebration. It was quite a triumph. The gay activists had beaten the opposition of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York and the Orthodox Jewish community, not to mention the mores of Western civilization and the revulsion of the general public.

Their victory was all the more remarkable in that it came in the teeth of widespread predictions of an "AIDS backlash," which was expected to reverse the gains of gay activists as the public blamed homosexuals for the spread of the deadly syndrome. Since the death of Rock Hudson last October, anxiety about AIDS has risen sharply, sometimes breaking out into panic: In several widely publicized cases, parents have fought to prevent children with AIDS (contracted through blood transfusions) from attending public-school classes with their children.

Those parents weren't reassured by the soothing voices of public-health experts who told them that the chances of their children's getting AIDS from classroom contact were practically nil. The experts themselves aren't sure how the AIDS virus originated and spreads. They disagree with each other on many points, including the number of people already exposed to or carrying the virus. And public-health experts are in a sense politicians, appointed by politicians, and subject to the same political pressures that get gay-rights bills passed. A San Francisco health official, Dr. Mervyn Silverman, was forced to resign when, reluctantly reversing himself in the face of overwhelming medical evidence, he came out in favor of curbing the city's homosexual bathhouses.

It's hard to get a sense of proportion about the problem. AIDS is scary. Once it takes hold of the body's immune system, it kills. There is no known cure. To many it seems a ghastly retribution for a repulsive vice. It has moral resonances that go beyond the realm of antiseptic "experts," experts who usually seem willing to take sharp measures against things—such as artificial sweeteners that cause cancer in overdosed rats—which carry relatively trivial health risks. Given the mystery that still surrounds AIDS, it seems strange, in an era of official panic about so many lesser dangers, for officialdom to be playing *down* the perils of AIDS.

Yet the experts have a point. For anyone who isn't homosexual, heterosexually promiscuous (though, statistically, straights must be extremely promiscuous—i.e., usually prostitutes or their patrons—to be at risk), given to intravenous drug-taking, or hemophiliac, the chances of catching AIDS are less than one in a million—as far as we know.

But how far *do* we know? The virus can lie dormant for years, and there is no telling whether it will soon break out in new categories of people. The public is entitled to its anxieties. And the official experts are oddly willing to let young AIDS victims expose themselves to classroom diseases that, their immune systems being enfeebled, could be fatal: A case of measles could kill such a child. One suspects that hidden axes are being ground.

The obvious carrier of AIDS is the "gay lifestyle"—promiscuous homosexuality. AIDS is apparently transmitted mostly through the frequent exchange of bodily fluids, especially when one person's fluids enter the bloodstream of another. The main method seems to be anal intercourse, a primary mode of homosexual conduct: The walls of the anus are delicate and easily broken, allowing infection to occur. Some studies suggest that AIDS most often strikes homosexuals who engage in "fisting"—inserting the fist into the anus—which is especially likely to scratch or break the anal wall.

Homosexuals who reject the gay lifestyle and live, to the extent possible, quietly and decently with their vice, probably play a smaller role in spreading AIDS, but they are doubly its victims. Unless they are truly monogamous they risk catching the disease: In some urban areas, experts say, nearly the entire homosexual population has been exposed to the virus suspected of causing AIDS. Moreover, they cannot count on the public to make fine distinctions: Any anti-homosexual backlash will strike them as well.

But it is not the lifestyle of discreet homosexuals for which the gay activists fight. The activists had little to offer the discreet: Their closets were rarely as confining as

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—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

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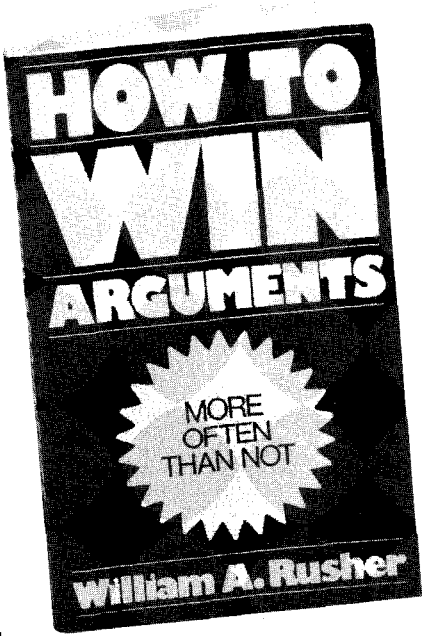

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the militants maintain. Straight friends always knew, and the rest of the world was less likely to notice, or care, than gay mythology suggests. What the militants sought and seek to legitimize, even in the face of the AIDS epidemic, is the most extravagant expressions of homosexuality, as their own publications and statements make clear. While it would certainly be wrong to say that most promiscuous homosexuals are serious activists, most of the activists endorse the promiscuous lifestyle; much of gay activism has as its goal the promotion of that lifestyle. Indeed younger gays now complain that the "movement" teased them with a glimpse of a sexual paradise from which they have been forever barred by the avenging angel of AIDS.

Gay-rights laws redistribute rights, from straights to those gays willing to use the power of the state to compel social acceptance

Most people have only a dim idea of the "lifestyle" under discussion. The general press is singularly uninformative, for reasons of both propriety and sympathy to the gay cause, preferring to keep discussion of gay issues at the level of abstraction chosen by gay activists themselves. There is no "adversary press" in this area.

But a glance at the *New York Native*, the city's leading gay newspaper, does a lot to fill the information gap. Even after the advent of AIDS, the *Native* serves as a dating service for lonely homosexuals. The personal ads tell the story the general press glosses over.

In a typical issue, the *Native* carries two tabloid-sized pages of personals. These are accompanied by a boxed list of abbreviations for standard—repeat: *standard*—homosexual practices and partner specifications. GWM stands for "gay white male," GBM for "gay black male," GJM and GOM for their Jewish and Oriental counterparts. BB means "bodybuilder." Fr/AP means "French (oral) active/passive"; Gr/AP, "Greek (anal) active/passive." JO means masturbation, S/M sado-masochism, B/D bondage and discipline, FF fisting, and W/S "water sports (urine scenes)."

There are other variations; some abbreviations aren't explained. Many of the ads are bluntly graphic—too graphic to quote here. Suffice it to say their authors are not seeking romance. Some boast of the size of their organs, or specify the size they seek. Others advertise for favorite physical features, such as hairlessness, or such prized deformities as mutilated genitals. Others seek to be dominated, offering themselves as "girlfriend" or "maid" to a "real man." Sordid and desperate, the ads make it impossible to idealize gay life. Just as revealing, in a way, is what is implied by those who insist on "safe sex," or the one who cautions, "I love women so U can't hate them." Some are married; one is a Catholic priest.

Such is the behavior gay-rights legislation protects. Or rather, such is the behavior gay-rights legislation forbids normal citizens to disapprove. Gay-rights laws don't establish equal rights. They redistribute rights, from straights to those gays willing to use the power of the state to compel social acceptance. Gays gain the right to force landlords to rent them apartments; landlords and their straight tenants lose the right of free association. Gays gain the right to force employers to hire them; owners of even small businesses lose the right to hire employees of whose morals they approve, and lose as well the right to employ the fruits of their labor in moral leadership. Though it may be amended, as it stands the New York City law directs the city's Human Rights Commission to prepare school curricula aimed at teaching "non-discriminatory," i.e., amoral, attitudes toward homosexuality. Gays gain the right to have the city proselytize on their behalf to (desirable?) children; parents lose the right to form their children's morals.

An important point is that what is being promoted *is* behavior, not status, as in the case of blacks or even women. The New York archdiocese objected to the law because it would, without precedent, treat morally controversial behavior as a civil right; those who violated that "right" would be penalized with up to a year in jail. This was not morally neutral libertarianism, but positive privilege for sodomy.

"What the bill primarily and ultimately seeks," said an archdiocesan statement, "is the legal approval of homosexual conduct and activity." The Church was accused of improper meddling in politics; one *Native* writer obscenely accused John Cardinal O'Connor of being a secret homosexual who hated other homosexuals. Apart from what this charge implies about gay self-esteem (straight people don't accuse their enemies of being straight), it displays the moral and emotional level of the gay activists, who impute hatred and bigotry exclusively to their enemies: The Episcopal bishop, Paul Moore, wasn't accused of impropriety when he called the Catholic archdiocese's opposition to the bill "immoral." (The ironies of behavior were countless: Moore also counsels the public not to be "judgmental"—toward homosexuality.)

While calling the bill's opponents bigots for saying the bill carried moral approval or was an opening wedge for further gay-activist initiatives (affirmative action, for example), gay writers were, in their own way, saying exactly the same things. A *Native* writer said: "The gay movement does not exist to elect Mario Cuomo nor even to pass the gay-rights bill. These are at best steps in a much larger process, namely, the creation of a genuine acceptance of homosexuality in society at large." A *Village Voice* columnist agreed: "In the end, the gay alternative means a departure not just from heterosexuality, but from social orthodoxy . . . In its most moderate politics—the enactment of civil-rights legislation—it has radical potential, because civil-rights legislation opens the way to acceptance, and acceptance opens the way to dissolution of the norm." A few gays have spelled this out further: It will mean, for example, legitimizing "man/boy lovers."

There is clearly no parallel to this frenzied normlessness in the "straight" community. Nobody audibly demands the "right" to have intercourse with little girls. Such facts undermine the perception on which the gay activist depends for acquiescence by the larger community: i.e., the assumption that all that militant gays want is to take their place beside heterosexuals as responsible citizens, differing only in preferring their own sex for erotic partnership.

Unlike blacks, who have only sought to take their place in society, gay activists have brought deviant behavior up front and made it central to their self-identification;

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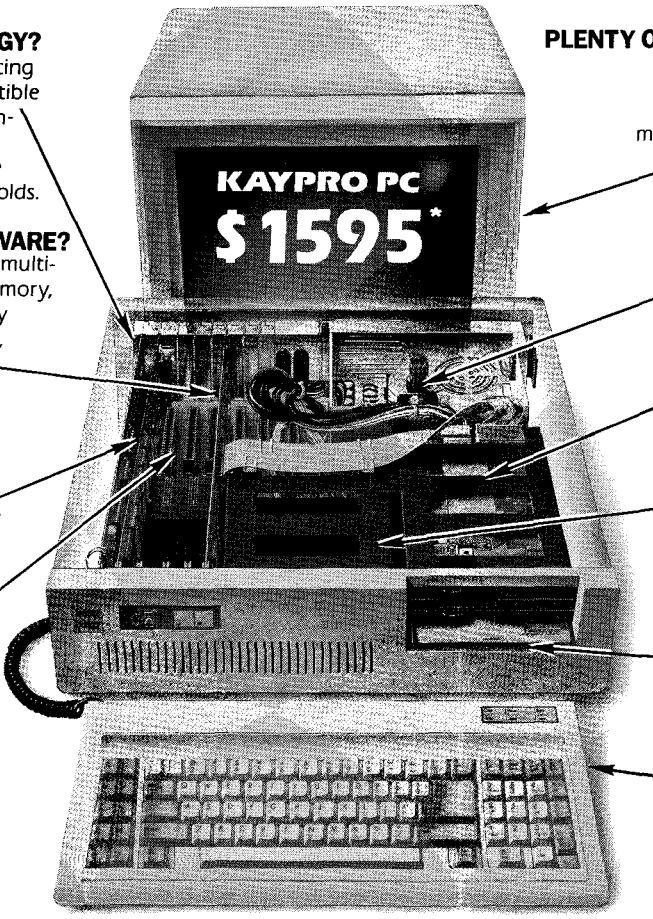

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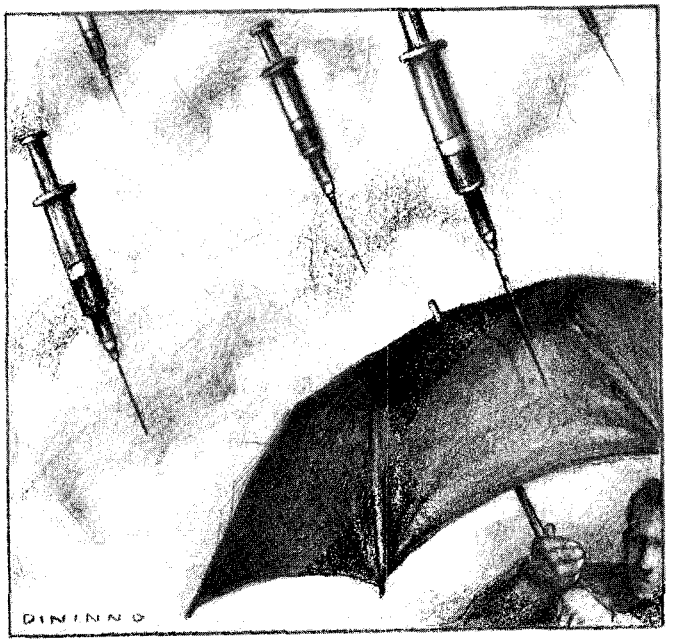
that's what "gay" means. And they insist that society give it centrality too, by giving it immunity from effective moral judgment. No other kind of citizen is specified by a personal taste, let alone a deviant one. Militant gays have chosen to make *themselves* a "minority."

And they have proved they have the power to make the label stick. After all, it takes real clout to achieve accredited victim status. And in New York, a mecca for the boys of Sodom, they have so much clout that politicians—Ed Koch, Geraldine Ferraro, Mario Cuomo (whose chief advisor on gay issues recently died of AIDS)—court them as openly as ethnic groups and labor unions. They are powerful in other major cities, too: San Francisco, Washington, Miami, Houston, Los Angeles (which has passed a bill outlawing discrimination against AIDS victims).

It may seem strange to speak of a gay "community," when the usual basic component of community—the family—is absent from gay life. But the gay community is real, as any politician knows. In fact, the absence of family is, in a way, an important component of gay power. Gays don't have to support wives and children. For an allegedly victimized minority, they have high levels of income, leisure, and position. They exert great power in the theater, fashion, and advertising, and are well represented in other professions. Their very promiscuity helps them in the informal networking and mutual promotion that are so important in the real world of politics between elections.

And there is what political scientists call "the intensity factor." To be gay is to be obsessed with one's homosexuality: That too is what "gay" means. Gays are therefore specified by their ideology—which, like all ideology, largely consists in systematically blaming the world for their woes. Gay ideology has risen to the challenge of AIDS.

This *is* a challenge, since most people reason that if homosexuals are catching AIDS, they must be carrying it too—a simple (gay activists would say "simplistic") line of reasoning that poses a threat to gay victim status. In the pre-Hudson days, the gay press embraced AIDS as the emblem of gay suffering, which wasn't otherwise evident. But after the actor's death the public took serious notice



of the disease (syndrome, to be precise) and saw too that it was overflowing into the normal community. News stories featured AIDS victims, including small children, who had done nothing to bring their fate on themselves.

As *Time* and *Newsweek*, Dan Rather and Ted Koppel, gave sensational coverage to the disorder, AIDS joined herpes in Everyman's vocabulary of VD. The subject was out of the gays' control. The majority was no longer a statistical abstraction: It was coalescing against the "minority," and talk of "gay rights" now antagonized millions who had formerly let it pass.

The gay community and its media myrmidons quickly changed their tune. AIDS was no longer a "gay disease."

To be gay is to be obsessed with one's homosexuality: That too is what 'gay' means. Gays are specified by their ideology

It was "everybody's problem." The gay party line had to be adapted to retain gay victimhood while denying gay responsibility.

Charles Ortleb, editor-in-chief of the *New York Native*, found a solution: Blame the CIA for AIDS.

To do this, Ortleb had to challenge the medical establishment. Virologists generally agree that AIDS is caused by a virus called HTLV III, which is traceable to Haiti and, beyond that (some think), back to Africa. AIDS seems to have come to the U.S. via Haiti.

But Ortleb theorizes that the CIA is to blame. His scenario goes like this:

The culpable virus is not HTLV III at all, but the African swine-fever virus. In 1971, it seems, the CIA tried to destroy the Cuban economy by infecting Cuban pigs with the deadly (for pigs, not humans) and highly contagious ASFV.

The pig plague not only wiped out myriad Cuban porkers, but spread to other Caribbean and Latin countries. It so happened that there was a swine stockyard right next to a whorehouse in Haiti, and . . . the reader can fill in the rest. Ortleb also thinks the Mormons are involved in the plot somehow. The Mormons would stop at nothing.

It's not clear how the origins of the disease, even if the virus was personally bred by G. Gordon Liddy on orders from the Oval Office, could diminish the responsibility devolving on those who now carry it, but Ortleb's theory, dismissed as crazy by most of the medical establishment, clearly serves a need. Many gays believe it. (So does the Soviet press.) And having disposed of the problem by ascribing it to the CIA, they continue to resist, on grounds of "civil liberties," public-health measures to curb it: the closing of unsanitary gay "bathhouses," mandatory blood tests, contact tracing (standard for other venereal diseases), quarantines, tattooing (the *Native* termed this proposal by our editor "Buckley's Buchenwald"), and of course the enforcement of long-dormant laws against sodomy.

Gays, in short, want to shift virtual responsibility for what was recently "their" disease onto the general public.

(*Continues on page 51*)

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A FRIEND IN NEED

MORE THAN two out of three people in Britain, according to the opinion polls, disapproved of the American raid on Libya and of Margaret Thatcher's decision to allow the use of British airfields. Letters to the press reflected the same view, often in the most violent terms.

Editorial opinion was more evenly, sometimes surprisingly, divided. The *Times*, for example, defended America's action: so did the *Daily Mirror*: the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Financial Times* opposed it. The BBC, ostensibly impartial, tended to be in effect anti-American. Almost unbelievably, the National Union of Journalists (with many branches dissenting) voted to send condolences to Colonel Qaddafi.

In the House of Commons, Socialists and Liberals were unanimously hostile. Conservative MPs rallied to Mrs. Thatcher, who defended her own position with characteristic vigor: but probably a third of the parliamentary party and several of her senior cabinet colleagues had private reservations.

Outside the American Embassy and in Downing Street there were "hands off Libya" and nuclear-disarmament demonstrations, resulting in a few arrests. The whole of Britain was officially put on Amber Alert. Armed guards were on duty at major airports, and a special warning was issued to people living near American bases: but the police admitted that London, with so many American banks and offices, would be virtually indefensible against Arab fanatics. Then came news of the Britons murdered and kidnapped in Lebanon—for which the Left immediately blamed Mrs. Thatcher—and of the appalling plan, so narrowly averted, to blow up an El Al plane taking off from Heathrow. Flocks of American tourists canceled visits to London.

Mrs. Thatcher must have expected most of these repercussions, if not quite the degree of hostility; which rendered her decision all the more courageous. She had her own doubts about the wisdom of an air strike, but said simply that it would have been "inconceivable" not to allow Americans the use of their own aircraft in defense of their own citizens, who were in Europe for Europe's protection.

Her opponents seized on that word "inconceivable" as proof of the government's subservience to what one egregious Labour MP described as "her cretinous buddy, the American President." In the literal sense she was plainly wrong: a Labour government, or a Liberal/Social Democratic government, or even a Conservative government under her predecessor, Edward Heath, would have refused to let the F-111s operate from Britain.

Mrs. Thatcher's second reason was the debt, which had to be paid, for America's considerable, though not advertised, help over the Falklands. She preferred, however, instead of thinking in terms of such reciprocal accountancy, merely to say that friends should help each other.

Using the F-111s was technically desirable but not essential; Washington wanted America's allies to be associated with the action. So Britain's response was a final test after the intolerably feeble behavior of the Continental foreign ministers.

A tide of anti-Americanism has been flowing in Britain lately, and Mrs. Thatcher must have known that she risked enhancing it: but she would no more be deterred by wrongheadedness at home than by feebleness in Europe or savagery in the Middle East. Conscience may well prick her that, after the killing of policewoman Yvonne Fletcher in London two years ago, she was persuaded to let the murderer go free.

Why, Americans may wonder, has Europe become so spineless? The least respectable reason is sheer commercial greed. Every European country has hostages in Libya, because all of them want to go on making money there. A British firm actually sold execution chambers to Qaddafi.

Another reason is sheer funk; fear of Qaddafi's vengeance and fear of triggering a world war. European politicians and commentators argue that, being so much nearer than the United States to Libyan guns and bombs, and indeed to Soviet tanks and missiles, their views should prevail. Europeans are, of course, more immediately vulnerable: but they have not been conspicuously willing to grant the United States similar right of decision over Central America and the Caribbean.

THE MOST legitimate objection to a limited strike against Libya is purely practical: Will it, in the end, reduce terrorism? The hydra has too many heads, and wounded creatures are dangerous. On the other hand, the same sort of people who urge restraint now were fond of saying that a "safety first" policy in the 1930s caused the Second World War.

Mrs. Thatcher's own popularity has fallen to a very low point in the ratings. Her friends fear, and others hope, that the Labour Party, with its pledge to remove American nuclear weapons from Britain, may have been helped to win the next election. However, it may be that, over Libya anyway, the moment of maximum disapproval has already passed. It came, inevitably, with the television picture of wounded children in Tripoli, when the casualties of earlier terrorism had already been forgotten and the potential victims of future terrorism could not be known.

Eventual judgment will depend on what happens next. Mrs. Thatcher's courage and firmness may still reap political rewards as people become capable once more of distinguishing between the fire brigade and the fire. □

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s man in London.*

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THE NEW RIGHT AND THE NEW PLURALISM

TO THE RELIGIO-POLITICAL extremists who exerted unprecedented influence at the 1984 Republican convention, 'traditional values' is a code word for restoring an idealized vision of a long-gone America before women's rights, before desegregation, before labor unions, and before the full acceptance of religious pluralism." That, to Anthony T. Podesta, executive director of People for the American Way, is the New Right, the Religious Right, the enemy. Podesta is an activist and a partisan. But his view of the New Right, the social-conservative coalition, or whatever you choose to call it, may be the most common one outside the circle of the movement itself. The New Right's concern with the social issues has caused even some other conservatives to worry that New Rightists might really want what their worst enemies accuse them of wanting: to establish a social uniformity so strict that it would be, in American terms, revolutionary.

The New Right, on the other hand, tends to see itself as simply reacting against cultural aggression from liberals, including Mr. Podesta's boss, the influential television producer Norman Lear. The movement's opponents charge that it is a threat to pluralism. But New Right leaders argue that the pluralism the Left has in mind excludes anyone who takes seriously religious belief or traditional moral norms. Even Mr. Podesta seems to acknowledge—notice the word "restoring"—the possibility that the New Right is a defensive, not offensive, movement.

The argument is a crucial one. Were the New Right to be decisively convicted, in the public mind, of trying to impose by force of law its own moral and religious convictions on all Americans, it would be effectively excluded from American politics, becoming as illegitimate as "McCarthyism." Its enemies know this and direct virtually all their energies into delegitimizing, as opposed to disputing, the New Right agenda. On the other hand, were the New Right to persuade Americans that "secular-humanist" critics of traditional norms have been using the power of government to impose an unwanted social revolution on the nation, it would gain a great political victory. The fight, to a great extent, is over who gets to represent pluralism.

IF THE TITLE "founder of the New Right" could go to any one person, it would probably be Paul Weyrich. In 1973 he helped start the Heritage Foundation. In 1974 he founded the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, now called Free Congress PAC, and a few years later he founded the Free Congress Foundation, an activist think-tank specializing in social issues. In 1979 a conversation Mr. Weyrich had with a relatively obscure Baptist preacher led to the founding of Moral Majority.

"The Religious Right," says Mr. Weyrich, "is comprised largely of people who, for many, many decades, were very quiet politically." For most of this century, he argues, the Democratic Party, in which most of these people were firmly lodged, was seen as the great protector of neighborhoods, families, and family values. "All of that began to change" in the Sixties, as the Democratic Party was taken over by activists who "were pro-abortion, were hostile to any sort of religious values, were sympathetic later on to homosexual affirmative action, were very radical individuals who praised radical lifestyles and debunked cultural conservatism."

The attack on cultural conservatism was as broad in some ways as the culture itself, but for most people, Weyrich would argue, it was reified in several key events: the 1962 Supreme Court decision banning prayer in public schools; the rise of sex education in the late Sixties; the 1973 Supreme Court decision effectively legalizing abortion; the rise of "values clarification" curricula (a welter of programs that, rather than teaching values of any kind, taught students to "question their values," the inherent goodness of moral confusion being taken for granted); curriculum battles on other subjects (ranging from arguments over evolution to arguments over teaching the basics); and finally, in 1978, an attack by the IRS on independent Christian schools. These things, says Mr. Weyrich, "caused these people to feel that they were under siege."

Notice the centrality of education issues. Mr. Weyrich explains that there had been, among those who were to form the core of the New Right, a tacit premise that "even though we dissented from what seemed to be the main cultural thrust of the day, nevertheless we could have our little enclaves and exist privately." But "if this premise were to be correct then, of course, one would have to be able to educate one's children as one saw fit." Thus, at the beginning of the Seventies, after the initial outrages had been perpetrated, "Christian schools were opening at a rate of three a day. When Carter got into office and moved against the Christian schools through the IRS and through other policies, that was the straw that broke the camel's back."

The IRS, under Carter, began labeling such schools as discriminatory—without showing that any of them had ever turned down a minority applicant—and moved to take away their tax

Mr. Wagner is an editorial writer for the Washington Times.

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exemptions. The IRS action, which was eventually stopped by an avalanche of mail, was, says Mr. Weyrich, a "dangerous precedent, which these folks understood in Technicolor. It wasn't just a single move against a small institution; it was a broad-based fishing expedition, requiring these small institutions to spend megabucks to defend themselves." But defend themselves they did: They formed organizations and activated formerly quiescent citizens; eventually Moral Majority and other such vehicles took shape. The IRS action brought about an historic rapprochement between apolitical Christians and movement conservatives. Says Mr. Weyrich: "It was a realization that what the conservatives had been saying about the powers of the government for many, many decades was in fact correct."

It would seem that the only relevant question for determining whether a school discriminates on the basis of race should be: Has the school discriminated on the basis of race? Has it turned down obviously qualified minority applicants? No one has shown that any of these Christian schools have done so. Yet the charge that these schools ("segregation academies" to their critics) were conceived in bigotry is crucial to the opponents of the Religious Right. Tony Podesta argues that "a lot of the Christian-school movement in the country came from" fear of desegregation, "not from droves of secular humanists running into the small towns of Virginia." He concedes that most of the Christian schools were not turning away black applicants even in 1978, but is confident that "the historical record of the motivation behind the foundation of those schools was that they were a reaction to *Brown*."

Now, it is ordinarily no part of the Millsian, skeptical free-speech tradition dominant among American civil-libertarians to question the motives of dissidents. Government charges that dissenting groups are violating government policy in ways unrelated to their dissent (charges that can be used to excuse a government crackdown such as the 1978 IRS ruling) are normally viewed by civil-libertarians with great suspicion. But, for Mr. Podesta, in this one case it is the Christian schools that are the suspects.

ON THE BROADER question of the origins and goals of the movement, Mr. Podesta is similarly concerned with hidden motives. He sees Mr. Weyrich and his colleagues as having "stumbled onto the social issues as a political opportunity, which they have worked very successfully." Thus, he believes, the Religious Right was born of a fusion between conservative operatives and intolerant strands in American society that had not been cultivated politically. "I don't think intolerance went underground from 1925 to 1978," Mr. Podesta adds. It is the re-enfranchisement of intolerance that People For (as it calls itself) fears.

People For is not alone in its opposition to the New Right or its emphasis on the hidden motives of the social conservatives. In some states the American Civil Liberties Union—which also clearly views the New Right as the main enemy and, with People For, provides the main institutional opposition to it—has mounted a virtual campaign of persecution against fundamentalist schools because it is suspicious of the motives for which fundamentalists claim the sort of rights the ACLU usually defends. The Virginia ACLU even sought to keep Liberty Baptist University graduates from being certified to teach biology in public schools, on the grounds that their *professors* had a sworn religious belief in a six-day creation. Public schools in Virginia have an established curriculum that calls for teaching evolution in biology classes. The Virginia ACLU was asking the state to presume that Liberty Baptist graduates would violate state law and sneak creationism into their classes. It sought to punish fundamentalist students not for any actual wrongdoing but for what it merely suspected (students don't have to take the oath prescribed for Liberty Baptist professors) were their privately held religious beliefs. The state recently ruled in Liberty Baptist's favor.

The ACLU, as everyone in the ACLU is constantly repeating, is not a monolithic organization. Ira Glasser, the ACLU's executive director and a more moderate man than Mr. Podesta, saw some truth in the complaints of New Right activists. "There is in America," he says, "a clash of basic values" brought about largely by the tremendous cultural power wielded by television and the public schools, which "have gradually replaced the nuclear family, the small town, and the church as the major socializing institutions for the young."

Sounding a bit like Mr. Weyrich, he explains that it used to be possible "to live in this country in a fair degree of isolation. If you drove across this country in the mid-Fifties, you would have been enormously impressed with the sense of difference and regionalism, and the isolation of small towns." Thus, outside the metropolises, "even if people resented what was going on nationally, even if they saw New York City and Boston as Sodom and Gomorrah, even if they complained about the drift of the dominant culture, they didn't feel that it affected their lives or

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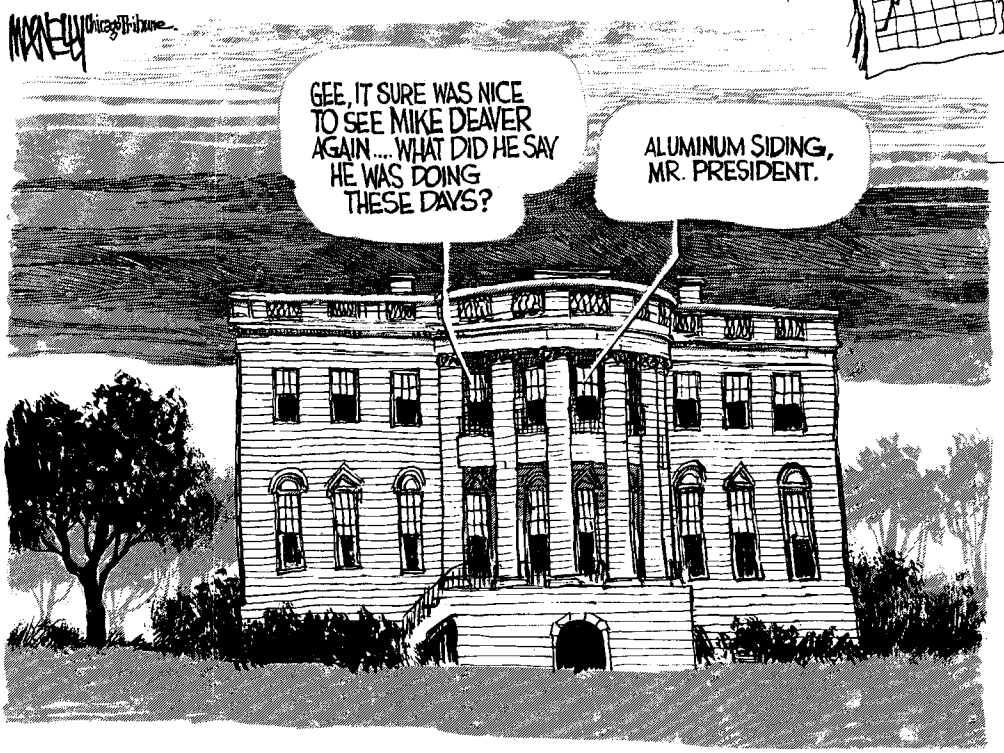
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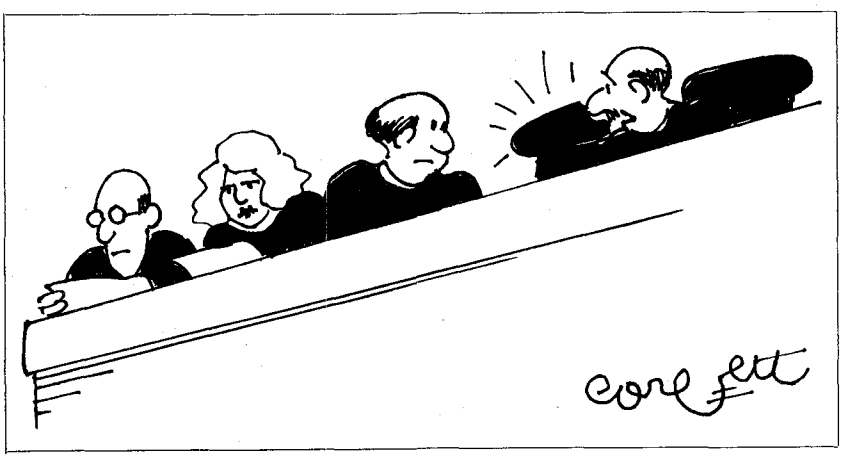

"He's in one of his 'Who am I to judge?' moods, and won't be in today."

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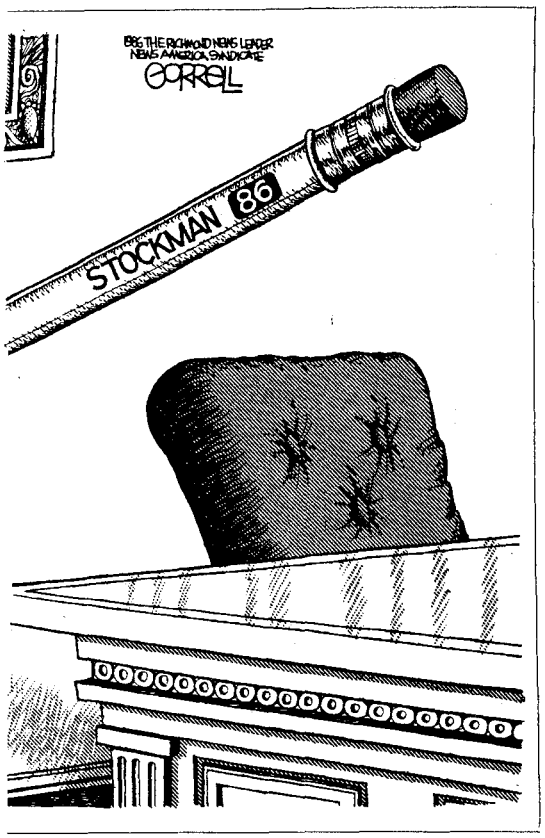

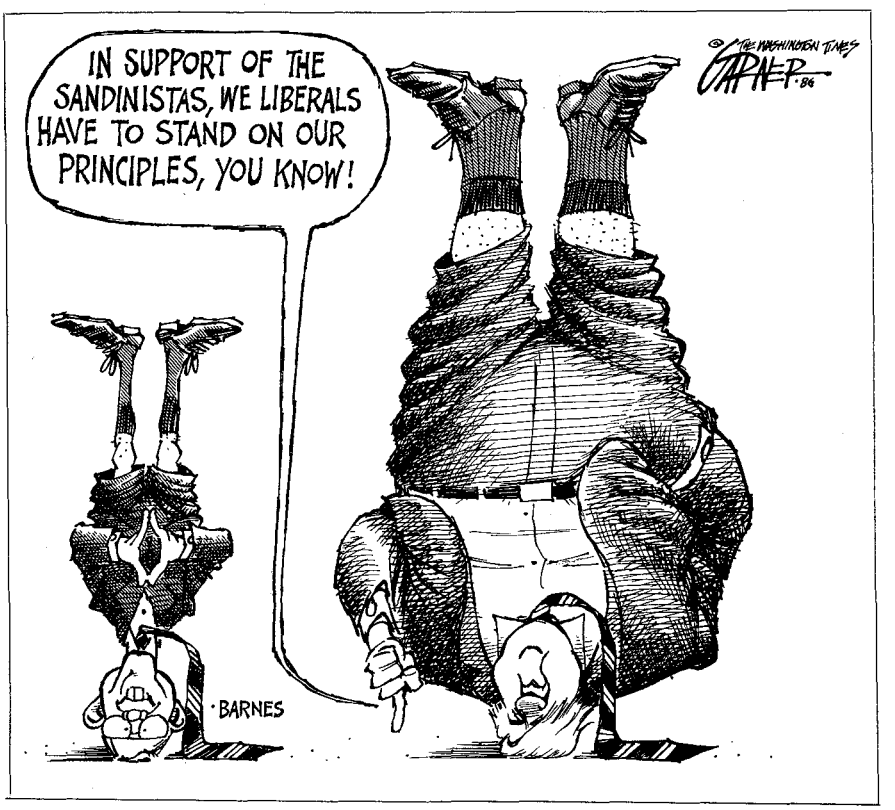
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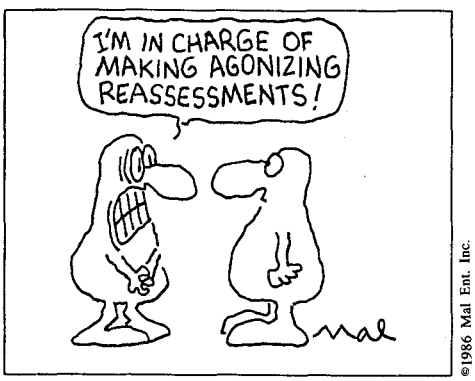

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interfered with their right to maintain their own values."

Under this geographic pluralism, the whole question of what were genuine American values didn't really have to come up, Glasser explains. But in the early 1960s mass culture began "to cut across those insulating shields" and intrude on the system of family, town, and church. "A caricature of the dominant culture began to be beamed in by television and began, as [the social conservatives] saw it, to take over what they saw as *their* schools, so you got a much more standardized curriculum and much more standardized texts."

MR. GLASSER argues that small-towners felt threatened by the unfamiliar: other races, different sexual mores, different sex roles. It is in the latter context that he sets traditionalist opposition to abortion, which he calls "the leading symbol of female emancipation." It is not stretching the point too much to say that Mr. Glasser sees his opponents as big babies afraid of what they do not understand. "Their pluralism was based on their isolation. Growing up in the big city [as Mr. Glasser did], your pluralism is based on real pluralism. It's based on learning to get used to a lot of different things."

The invasion of mass culture left social conservatives with two choices, he argues. One was "to do what the Amish in fact do, which is to withdraw from the dominant culture and erect all kinds of artificial shields, and assert the right, for example, to take their kid out of the public schools—a right that organizations like the ACLU have always supported." But for mainstream traditionalists, "that was not practical, given their numbers, so what they did is, they said we're going back *into* the culture, we're going to take it over, we're not going to let *it* take *us* over."

The traditionalists, Mr. Glasser argues, are reacting in a way that is "understandable" but "also dangerous," because "an attempt to take control of those institutions threatens the basis of pluralism. . . . What you can't have, it seems to me, is legal and political institutions that compel or prohibit cultural styles." More revealingly, he judges the goals of the social conservatives to be futile, and thus harmful even to themselves: "Since you're going to have to learn to tolerate differences, it is best that your children grow up with that, and that you strengthen them to deal with it."

That made me wonder whether Mr. Glasser would say that the old-fashioned pluralism, based on the relative isolation of internally homogeneous communities, not only cannot be resurrected, but really shouldn't be. He replied that the "issue of should or shouldn't is almost a Talmudic question; it's beside the point." But if pluralism is the goal, what we mean by pluralism is crucial. He argues, for instance, that the New Right blocks a pluralistic settlement of the social issues because it is not "a movement designed to maximize freedom" (which is precisely what some New Right leaders claim it is) but is devoted to a particular set of values. But a strong allegiance to normative values is only objectionable, in political terms, if one believes old-style pluralism is either bad, or hopelessly lost.

"Hopelessly lost" isn't credible. What, for instance, of education vouchers, the ultimate old-pluralist program, whereby the government would give parents vouchers redeemable at the public or private school of their choice? With vouchers, government could maintain its commitment to providing an education for all, while maximizing efficiency, parental choice, and pluralism. Lawrence Uzzell, formerly a senior official of the National Institute of Education and an education writer who has contributed to some New Right publications, views vouchers as perhaps the most important tool for maintaining pluralism in the face of modern developments that threaten it. He calls the present situation "the modern equivalent of the eighteenth-century struggle to disestablish state churches. It is interesting to note that in North America, most Catholics and evangelical Protestants were on the side of disestablishment then as well as now."

Connaught Marshner, a top official of the Weyrich organization and the editor of the *Family Protection Report*, notes that vouchers are a typical New Right solution: "From the school-prayer amendment that would make voluntary prayer a local choice, to campaigns against compulsory sex education, to the fight against tax penalties on full-time homemakers or other subsidies for feminism, we usually work toward reducing the government's power to mold the culture. We believe the moral and religious instincts of most Americans are a better guide than the plans of bureaucrats and political activists to building a healthy society. Even on abortion, where we certainly do seek to limit personal choice, our position reflects what was a clear, popular consensus before the Supreme Court overturned at a stroke fifty state abortion statutes."

SUPPORT FOR programs, such as vouchers, that seek to minimize government control over the culture would seem to be the acid test of support for genuine pluralism. Anthony Podesta absolutely opposes vouchers. He sees the voucher system leading to "cultural, religious, or ethnic ghettos, in which all our kids will be going to school with kids of precisely the same background. I happen to think there is a value in this country of multiple faiths, multiple philosophies, races, [taking] people from all imaginable corners of the globe and of the mind and putting them all in the same place and letting them understand that there are differences within this country." Give the fundamentalists an escape route and Mr. Podesta, sometime advocate of individual liberties, becomes a fierce collectivist, contemptuous of individual choice, because he "happens to think there is a value" in the way he would run the schools. How extraordinary: He prefers what he prefers. Uzzell comments: "If state education agencies, teachers' colleges, and the National Education Association were controlled as firmly by fundamentalist Christians as they now are by people indifferent or hostile to religion, liberals would fall in love with vouchers. It's like their change of mind on the 'imperial Presidency': They generally work to expand the power of whatever institutions they happen to control and to weaken them after they lose control."

For Mr. Podesta, it seems, the various faiths and philosophies in our culture are not objects of respect in their own right, but are rather the raw material for construction of a society whose only absolute is tolerance. So "pluralist" are we that we cannot allow traditional moral norms to be propounded to the next generation without a challenge—or, while we may allow them to be, we must keep it

(Continues on page 52)

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ABROAD

TRIPOLI *Taking Them On*

Not content with taking on the United States, Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi has reactivated demands, dating from the Second World War, for reparations supposedly due the Libyan government from Italy, Germany, and Great Britain. Italy, which ruled Libya as colonial territory for many years, and harshly during the Mussolini period, is the chief target of the claims. In that era, Libyan authorities say, 27,000 Libyans died as victims of Italian colonialism, including almost six thousand executed opposition guerrillas. There is a claim for minefield damage and another for damage to domestic animals killed in bombardments during the war. The Italians say they fulfilled any obligations by paying a large sum to the pre-Qaddafi Libyan government in 1956. Much more recently, the Italians sent Qaddafi a set of maps showing the location of Axis minefields, with an offer to supply engineers and demolition experts to clear them. The offer was never acknowledged. Brochures distributed here also allege that at the end of the war, Great Britain simply replaced the Axis powers as the colonial authority. Britain ended all military connections with Libya when the Royal Air Force evacuated its base at El Adem in 1970.

PRAGUE *Following the Leader*

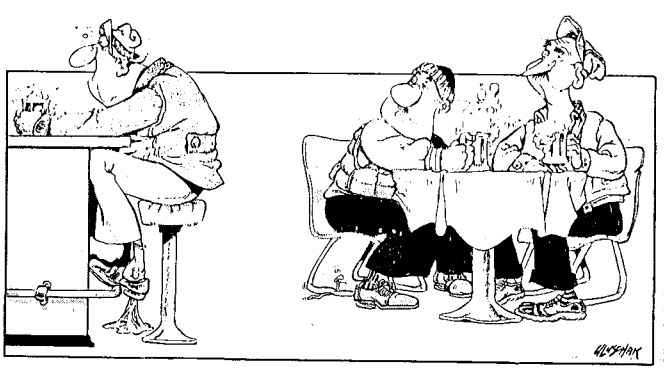
The Communist parties of Eastern Europe have been holding national congresses in the wake of the Soviet Union's congress and docilely following the lines laid down by Mikhail Gorbachev. In Prague, characteristically, there have been only routine promises and routine criticism. There were exhortations to improve the economy, inspire the workers afresh, reinvigorate investment policy, and pay more attention to announced social and political goals. The net result was a renewed mandate to the Czech leadership, which has not changed since the Dubcek regime was replaced after the Prague Spring of 1968. In Bulgaria, on the other hand, the emphasis was on rectifying economic failures, which have repeatedly come under fire from Soviet critics, especially as regards the quality of goods exported to Russian markets. As though in anticipated response, the Bulgarian government recently abolished five economic ministries and dismissed a number of high-ranking bureaucrats. Todor Zhivkov, the Bulgarian Party leader, is said to have been closest to former Soviet potentate Leonid Brezhnev of all the satellite chiefs, and Brezhnev elements have been a target for elimination under the new regime in Moscow. However, no one expects Zhivkov to leave his post, either willingly or unwillingly, in the near future.

PEKING *Three Points*

The latest in the series of Sino-Soviet rapprochement meetings that have been taking place over the last three years ended here last fall with expressions of harmony and progress. There are several international questions outstanding between the People's Republic and the Soviet Union, however, that continue to defy settlement. The first, and most important to the Chinese, is the Soviet role in support of the Vietnamese occupation of Cambodia. Peking is extremely sensitive to the Soviets' presence in Indochina, and especially to their big military bases at the old American sites of Camranh and Danang. It would like the Soviets to renounce the treaty they signed with Hanoi in 1978. The second point deals with Soviet troop and weapon deployment along the northern sector of the Sino-Soviet frontier in central Asia, where Russian SS-20 missiles are numerous. This situation is especially difficult for the Chinese to handle because they have no equivalent weapons with which to bargain. The third item of contention concerns Afghanistan. But, although China even shares a bit of common frontier with it, Afghanistan has not aroused the overt concern in Peking that it has in the West. Diplomatic observers say that China in all these respects is careful to emphasize that it is not the ally of either superpower. Rather, Peking sees itself, in relation to Washington and Moscow, as the third point of the global triangle.

RAWALPINDI *Optimism*

Pakistani President Zia ul-Haq, whose country borders on Afghanistan and harbors three million of its citizens as refugees, is expressing unwonted optimism these days about the possibility of the Soviets' military withdrawal from their conquest. In an interview with the French newspaper *Le Monde*, General Zia recalled that Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev expressed the desire to do so for the first time when he addressed the recent Communist Party congress in Moscow. "But," the Pakistani president went on, "we have received other, very positive indications that seemed significant enough to us to draw conclusions. One is that the Soviet Union wants to cooperate in the search for an Afghan solution. The other is that the Soviet Union cannot tolerate an Afghanistan hostile to it; we realize that, and we agree with it. Let the Afghans settle their own affairs and choose the kind of government they want." Zia added that there were indications that the Russians seek a political settlement. "So do we," he said. "They want to withdraw. We hope they will withdraw." On the subject of Afghanistan's historical role as a buffer state, Zia commented: "Afghanistan was a buffer state 'in the good old days' when there were two superpowers around, Czarist Russia and the British Empire. The USSR is pursuing exactly the same policy of southward expansion that Czarist Russia did. But since on our side there is no longer any superpower, Afghanistan can no longer serve as a buffer state. We should be talking rather of a neutral state, nonaligned, independent, but friendly to the Soviet Union."



Uluschak / Rothco

"Doesn't know whether to laugh or cry—won the lottery . . . in Canadian dollars!"

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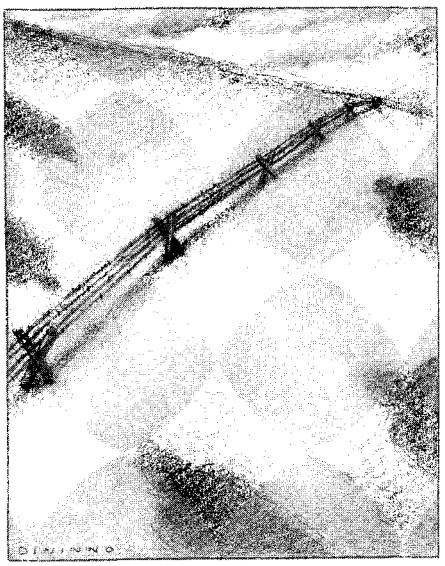
STARS AND STRIPES IN CUBA

A SOVIET FREIGHTER flying the hammer and sickle sails through the narrows, across the waters of the bay, and on to the Cuban port of Boquerón. It has passed through the heart of Guantanamo Bay, the 45-square-mile base the United States Navy has had on the southeastern shore of Cuba since Teddy Roosevelt's day. The informal agreement drawn up by the first Roosevelt in 1903 was formalized in 1934 under the second, as part of the Good Neighbor Policy. One provision of the treaty maintains that the waters of Guantanamo Bay are international; passage through them cannot be restricted. Another states that while the United States recognizes Cuban sovereignty over the area there is no time limit to U.S. use of the territory—unlike the British Crown's lease of the New Territories in Hong Kong or, for that matter, the arrangements regarding U.S. bases in the Philippines and NATO bases in Europe, all of which have termination dates. Guantanamo (Gitmo, as it is called) remains American unless a) the U.S. abandons it or b) the lease is canceled by mutual consent.

Which is unlikely. Guantanamo, set up originally as a coaling station, is the only major U.S. naval base in the Caribbean. From it, vital shipping lanes —President Reagan's "choke points"— are monitored. At the base, with its near perfect weather year round and wide, empty expanses of sea and sky, naval ships and planes are tested and their crews put through arduous training exercises. Guantanamo's sophisticated repair facilities can handle most maintenance needs of ships in the area short of major overhaul. Caribbean drug operations are monitored from Guantanamo, and Coast Guard ships and planes provide rescue services for mariners in trouble—most recently, the desperate boat people of Haiti.

When you fly into the Naval Air Station on the leeward side of the bay (altitude 56 feet), everything is trim, very Navy. Two officers in whites await our party. Behind them are drawn up four white U.S. Navy sedans, their drivers at ease; the doors open to receive us for the two-hundred-yard drive to the dock where the Captain's Gig awaits. Two and a half miles of water separate the airfield from the main base, where we will spend the night at the Bachelor Officers' Quarters. Another provision of the treaty bars any private enterprise on the base, so the hotel (BOQ), the various restaurants, Baskin-Robbins, and the soon-to-open McDonald's are operated by the Navy post exchange.

We gather for dinner on the patio of the Officers' Club with the officers who had greeted us earlier, Captain David McPhearson, the Executive Officer, and Lieutenant Commander Rick Fischer, the Public Affairs Officer, two genial and hospitable gentlemen. We had been given an official briefing earlier, but it is at dinner that we find out what life is like in this quarter-section of America surrounded on three sides by Communist Cuba. The setting is relaxed and pleasant. It's grill night, not only because Saturday is grill night at the Officers' Club but also because



there was an explosion in the kitchen two days ago and for a while every night will be grill night.

Driving from the landing to the BOQ, what we had seen was a dusty little town of simple two- and three-bedroom homes, all very American, with bicycles on front porches, cars parked in the driveways, basketball hoops, backyard grills, baseball diamonds, and soccer fields. A tennis court or two. What makes Guantanamo not typically small-town America is the absence of commercial strips, fast-food eateries, bars, shopping malls.

Captain McPhearson—Mac—is a seagoing sailor who on his present assignment is also what amounts to deputy mayor of a small American town. He's deeply concerned with child-care facilities, sanitation, water conservation, medical services, and the morale of the high-school football team. He tells us that there are about 4,500 U.S. servicemen, dependents, and civilian employees at Gitmo, plus some seven hundred Jamaicans who work on the base under contract with the Jamaican government, plus 84 Cuban families that had lived in Guantanamo and opted not to return to Cuba when the gate separating Gitmo from the surrounding Cuban territory was closed and locked in January 1959.

And finally there are the "commuters." Originally there were two thousand of them, Cubans who entered Guantanamo every morning to work, returning home in the evening. Castro continues to permit them to work for the Americans, but over the last 27 years their number has dwindled: There are only 61 of them today. Every morning in a building under the brow of a hill, hidden from view of the Americans, they are strip-searched by Cuban frontier guards before coming over the hill and down to the chain-link fence that runs for 17 miles around the base, demarcating the American line. They enter, exchange their

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Cuban identification tags for U.S. tags, and report for work. In the evening they reverse the procedure.

We had asked a couple of our sailor drivers whether Guantanamo was a good post—or do they go stir crazy, restricted as they are from all contact with the rest of Cuba? No, they said, they found it a pretty good post, and there was always the opportunity during the tour for liberty in the States or elsewhere in the Caribbean.

We asked Mac the same question, and his answer was a little different. A matter of temperament, he said. Some people aren't suited for a low-key post such as Gitmo. (We outsiders consider this a strange description of an exposed redoubt surrounded by the enemy. The young Marine major who had briefed us that afternoon was very convincing on the state of readiness of Castro's army.) But the fact is, Mac continues, that lots of Gitmo people come from small towns and find the small-town ambiance of the base attractive. They can get involved in school boards, water conservation, community projects; it's—well, it's like back home.

Plus, as Rick Fischer points out, there are a basketful of advantages: clement weather, wonderful water, and the enormous effort the government has made to make service in Guantanamo agreeable. There are four outdoor movies (free) every night; the base has its own radio station with one AM and three FM channels; splendid scuba diving, snorkeling, water skiing, fishing, and boating. The barrel boat—a Guantanamo special: six barrels welded together, surmounted by a platform, a railing, and a canopy, and powered by an outboard motor—makes a wonderful, stable, not to mention cheap, boat for family excursions. There's even a nine-hole golf course—a rather goatlike affair, we gather. Only the tees and greens can be watered, and the terrain is so strewn with small white rocks that one is advised to use yellow or orange balls. When you pay your greens' fees, you are given a strip of Astroturf to place under your ball wherever it happens to rest (except presumably in the traps—I forgot to ask about that).

Not a Drop

WATER, the scarcity of water, comes up in every conversation you have in Gitmo: It's an ever present fact of life.

On February 6, 1964, Fidel Castro cut off water and electric power to the base and then, in a grandstand play that boomeranged, announced to the world that the U.S. was stealing Cuba's water. His timing was way off. Rear Admiral John D. Bulkeley was the U.S. base commander at the time, and he was quick on his feet, as he had been twenty years earlier when he skippered the PT boat that brought Douglas MacArthur safely out of the Philippines to Australia, spring 1942. Bulkeley called a press conference,

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went to the northeast gate, and there cut out a section of the water supply line from Cuba. No water trickled out.

Back home, rescue operations went into high gear. While water tankers took up the slack—"kept coming," said Admiral Bulkeley, "through hell, high water, and hurricanes"—a Department of the Interior desalinization plant in California was bought, dismantled, and shipped to Guantanamo. Seven months later it was in operation. It and ancillary plants now provide the base with three million gallons of water a day and 25,000 kilowatts of electric power. The desalinization plant is at Fisherman's Point, where Christopher Columbus first landed in Cuba in 1494.

Other than a direct assault, there is nothing much that Castro can do to make life more difficult at Gitmo, but he has made, rather neatly, the point that he wants the U.S. out. After cashing the first U.S. Government check for the annual rental (set in 1934 at $2,000 gold—$4,000 today), he has refused to accept any subsequent checks.

Sunday morning we drive to the fence line over a pothole-filled road that would make Ed Koch feel right at home. The land we drive through is barren, desiccated. To our left are watchtowers—those in the foreground, U.S. towers; those on the hills at a certain distance, Cuban towers.

We reach the end of the line, a simple barracks with a high fence that looks like a baseball backstop behind it. The fence line, in this area, is manned by rotating Marine patrols that spend a week at a time in the barracks. A handful of Marines are at a wooden trestle table cleaning a machine gun. During their week on duty, they man the watchtowers, keep the crack Cuban Frontier Brigade under surveillance, patrol the line. Both sides, says Colonel Samuel Adams, the officer who greets us, are very careful not to be provocative. They never, for instance, point their guns at each other's territory.

It was not always so. In the heady days following Castro's overthrow of Batista and the locking of the gate, Cubans would gather night after night and throw rocks over the chain-link fence onto the tin roof of the barracks to harass the Marines, keep them awake. That was when the backstop fence was built. It didn't stop the Cubans from throwing rocks, but they had to stand back far enough that most of the rocks missed their target. Eventually the Cubans tired of the sport.

We walk past the barracks and look down a raked hillside to the gate—the one that is opened morning and night to let the commuters through. Below us, the Stars and Stripes wave atop a tall flagstaff. Beyond the gate is a low building, a bank built at the border crossing in pre-Castro days, the better to part U.S. servicemen on leave from their Yankee dollars. A sign on it proclaims: Republic of Cuba, and, underneath: Free America.

Shoot to Kill

BEYOND THE U.S. fence—between it and the Cuban watchtowers on the hill—is no-man's-land: a plowed strip of barren ground, with slit trenches and bunkers, five lines of minefields, barbed wire, searchlights, a *cordon sanitaire* found wherever Communist and free lands meet. No Cuban will find his way to freedom via Guantanamo if Fidel Castro can help it.

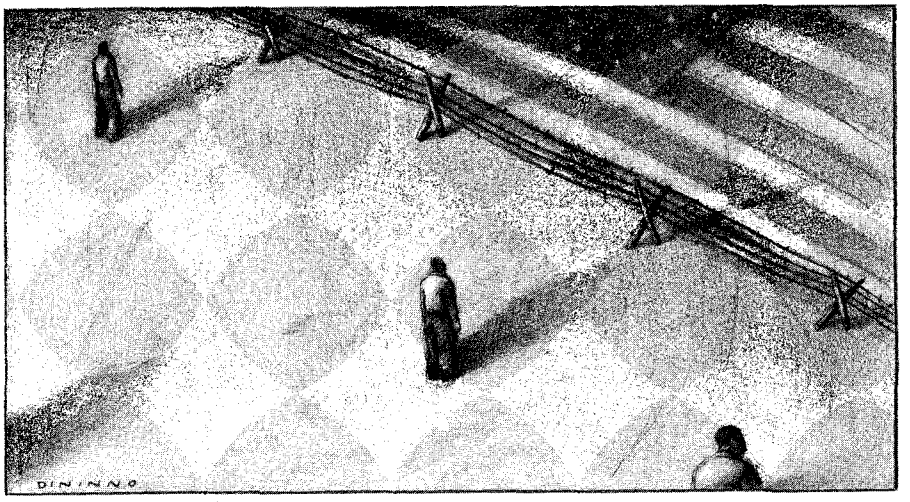
This no-man's-land between the Castro line on the hill and the U.S. fence was plowed afresh, made even more deadly, after the Grenada invasion in 1983, Colonel Adams tells us, and since then no Cuban has made it across, although some may have tried. Occasionally at night there will be an explosion out there in the wasteland when a mine is tripped, but whether by man or deer or banana rabbit no one knows. The Cuban guards are under orders to shoot to kill, as are the sailors on the boats that patrol the entrance to Guantanamo by night.

Nonetheless, in the past several months, we are told, four young Cubans have reached freedom at Guantanamo by sea. Two of them swam 12 miles before coming ashore. They knew they had made it to U.S. territory, the colonel tells us, because of the number of cars on the roads. "They climbed up a fifty-foot cliff that I'd think twice about climbing," he says. They were exhausted, badly cut up by coral, covered with jellyfish stings—and mad with joy. The older of the two, at 23, had already served two prison terms for trying to leave Cuba.

The second pair—the colonel, we can tell, gets a kick out of this story—came in from the other direction, the leeward side. But they miscalculated and climbed ashore, too tired to swim any farther, in the shadow of a Cuban sentinel tower. They hid out until the guard climbed down to eat, then sneaked past him right through a Cuban minefield. They found a hole in the U.S. fence and climbed through—into an American minefield. One of them tripped a Bouncing Betsey, a mine that jumps eight feet in the air and then explodes, obliterating everything in the vicinity. It was a dud.

In due course a U.S. patrol picked them up. They had no idea what they had done, or the dangers they had miraculously escaped, but they did mention that something had flown up in front of them and made an awful noise. A tattered prayer one of them carried in a waterproof pack in his pocket with his other valuables now belongs to the Marine major who helped debrief him, a gift.

"The major intends to put that prayer in his breast pocket if he gets into action," says Colonel Sam. "He figures that someone up there was looking out for that young Cuban." Maybe it will rub off. □



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A QUESTION OF SIMPLE HONESTY

THE VATICAN has dropped the other shoe, and it is clearly the mate of the first. In September 1984 the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, headed by the indefatigable Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, issued an *Instruction on Certain Aspects of the Theology of Liberation*. Entire books have been written condemning that *Instruction*'s condemnation of the alleged synthesis of Christianity and Marxism. At the time, the Vatican promised that there would be a second, more positive document setting forth a correct understanding of human liberation. The *Instruction on Christian Freedom and Liberation*, bearing the personal and emphatic approval of Pope John Paul II, has now arrived. (Copies are available for $3 from Origins, NC News Service, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.) It is meeting with cheers all around, which is deeply troubling.

There is cheering from those who claim the Vatican has at long last said the self-evident. There is cheering from those who claim the Vatican has now agreed with them that the Church should stick to its spiritual mission and stop messing around with social and political questions. And there is cheering from liberation theologians who claim the *Instruction* gives official blessing to their theology of revolutionary struggle. All three parties should take time out from cheering in order to read the document. Or maybe they have read the document and are just being disingenuous. If that is the case, the question raised by the discussion of this pronouncement is a question of simple honesty.

The *Instruction* wins a supercilious cheer from the editorial writer of the *New York Times* because it "embraces liberation theology's fundamental principle: that the Christian Gospel justifies the struggles of the poor for political freedom and control over their lives." I don't know which liberation theologians are read at the *Times*, but it would be closer to the truth to say that the fundamental principle of liberation theology is that the revolutionary struggle, informed by "Marxist analysis" and aligned with Marxist-Leninist movements, *is* the Christian Gospel. In any event, the *Times* declares that the new *Instruction* is "a victory for the poor and oppressed who in many nations look to religion for remedy as well as solace." So religion offers something more than pie in the sky after all, at least for the foreign poor and oppressed. The gravamen of the Vatican document, however, is that—against the holy war of the liberationists and the bland secularism of the *Times*—the Gospel offers *the* remedy to the most radical of oppressions, which is the oppression of sin, death, and human meaninglessness.

One reporter (not with the *Times*) assured me that the most important thing in the *Instruction* is a brief and cautious comment on the possibility of a morally justified revolution. What then does he make of the bulk of the document, which deals with the Gospel, redemption, and human freedom? "Oh, that," said he, "is just the theological boilerplate." And that, say I, is a little like flipping through *Hamlet* in order to get to the sword fight.

In fact, the *Instruction* is nothing if not a theological argument for the centrality of freedom in the right ordering of human affairs. In lucid and deliberate contrast to Marxist theory, it articulates a distinctively Christian understanding of a liberation that is both transcendent and temporal. In no way does this *Instruction* retract the warnings about liberation theology contained in the 1984 *Instruction*. On the contrary, it states that those "warnings appear ever more timely and relevant." "Between the two documents there exists an organic relationship. They are to be read in the light of each other." When those who jeered the *Instruction* of 1984 now cheer the *Instruction* of 1986, they are being, to put it kindly, less than candid.

FOR ROMAN CATHOLICS the new *Instruction* represents authoritative teaching. Admittedly, among Roman Catholics today the teaching about authoritative teaching is itself disputed. It would be a great advance, however, if those who reject the *Instruction* as a line to be toed would at least recognize it as an argument to be engaged. In making its argument, the document explicitly appeals not only to Roman Catholics but to other Christians and "all people of good will." Critical to the argument it would make is the proposition that "there can only be authentic development in a social and political system which respects freedoms" and, most specifically, "the first of these freedoms, which is religious freedom." As a Lutheran Christian, I do not hesitate to say that the 1986 *Instruction* is the most impressive pronouncement on democratic freedom by any church in many a decade. Those who depict it as being no more than a bashing or a blessing of liberation theology are missing, or perhaps deliberately distorting, the point. The new document is theological, ethical, and political reflection of a very high order. Whether it makes the difference that I believe it should make is in large part a question of simple honesty. It depends upon whether we engage the argument it sets forth or trim it to fit the partisanship of our preference. □

Pastor Neuhaus, author of The Naked Public Square, *is the director of the Center on Religion and Society. He is writing "Tomorrow & Tomorrow" in place of Michael Novak, who is currently in Bern, Switzerland, as head of the U.S. delegation to the Experts' Meeting on Human Contacts of the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, which monitors compliance with the Helsinki Accords.*

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THE POLITICS OF IMMIGRATION

M. E. Bradford

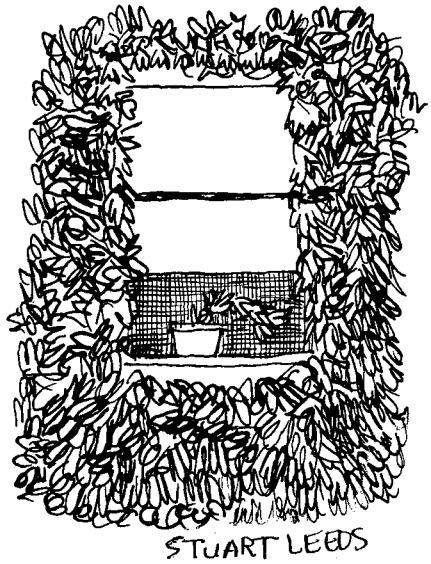
The Immigration Time Bomb: The Fragmenting of America, by Governor Richard D. Lamm and Gary Imhoff (Dutton, 271 pp., $18.95)

Clamor at the Gates: The New American Immigration, edited by Nathan Glazer (Institute for Contemporary Studies, 377 pp., $10.95)

As REPORTS of economic collapse and a massive increase in the northward flow of illegal migrants drift up to us from the Mexican border, Washington is once again filled with loud demands for immigration reform—for a clear policy and the will to enforce it. Ever since 1978 we have been hearing such demands and their counter-arguments. But finally there are signs that something may be attempted—that is, if opportunistic politics (the hope of importing a manageable electorate), short-sighted pseudo-economics, and moralistic self-aggrandizement do not frighten our elected representatives back into their customary posture of anguished indecision.

Anxiety about the immigration problem has cut across political boundaries and put down roots in every section of our country, in every class and component of American society. Out of this has come, of course, a considerable literature, much of which argues a case with reference to the present emergency created by ten to 15 million illegal aliens resident within our borders and makes only incidental gestures toward comprehension of the philosophical implications of such an invasion. However, I exempt both of the books here examined from such negative generalizations; or rather, exempt them *except* in those moments when they pay lip service to the leveling conventions of our age—the theory of rights that ignores the connection between specific histories and the hope for liberty under law.

The Immigration Time Bomb, by Governor Richard D. Lamm and Gary Imhoff of the Federation for American Immigration Reform, is an extended position paper of the highest quality. Lamm comes to his sensible view of the immigration issue out of a sanguine vision of the recent American past: a filter that made it all the more difficult for him to attain such grim realism in meditating upon the priorities of collective self-preservation. The development of Lamm and Imhoff's position proves that the problem of illegal immigration is so obvious that it is able to overcome even the conditioning effects of ideology, myth, and egalitarian dogma—or may be expected to do so if the observers are patriots and capable of honest recognition. Lamm and Imhoff are. They realize that it would be substituting a lesser for a greater good to leave so open and unguarded the "golden door" of entry into our society that our capacity to protect and encourage freedom here or elsewhere in the world is gravely diminished or even destroyed by waves of intruders.



Lamm and Imhoff were conditional supporters of what was until recently identified as the Simpson-Mazzoli bill: the combination of amnesty for millions of illegal aliens resident here since 1981 or '82, penalties for employers who knowingly hire illegals, various changes in the laws governing legal entry into the United States, and increases in support for the Border Patrol and the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Now they advise against inclusion of an amnesty provision in any new version of the immigration-reform law. As the efforts of Democrats in blocking passage of Simpson-Mazzoli in 1984 show, the amnesty provision gains no support for such legislation from those otherwise inclined to oppose it.

Lamm and Imhoff are more interested in objections to Simpson-Mazzoli—interested in the frame of mind that rejects such measures out of hand

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M. D. Aeschliman is a lecturer in English at the University of Virginia and the author of The Restitution of Man: C. S. Lewis and the Case against Scientism.

M. E. Bradford is a professor of English at the University of Dallas.

Daniel Mark Epstein, poet and playwright, resides in Baltimore, Maryland. "The Violin Lesson" is from his forthcoming book of stories, Star of Wonder, *from Overlook/Viking Press.*

Paul Gottfried, formerly of Rockford College, will shortly be editing The World and I, *to be published by the Washington Times Corporation.*

John Lukacs is the author of Historical Consciousness *(recently republished) and* The Last European War, *among many other books.*

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of Hemingway: The Critical Heritage *(1982) and* Hemingway: A Biography *(1985).*

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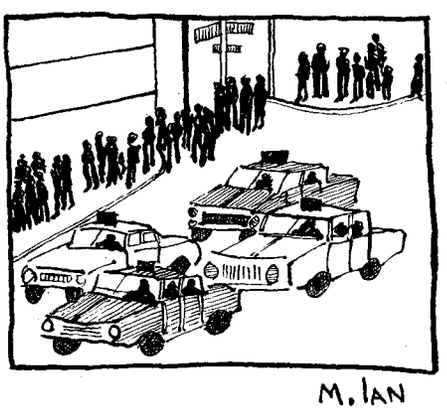
—than they are in further refining its provisions toward a hypothetical perfection. The explanation for this fashionable blindness the authors find in the inability of American liberals to recognize that essentially all human loyalties begin with blood ties and work outward (to what Burke calls "our own little platoon"); that there is a serious value in being more obliged to particular persons than we are to mankind in general. Since the Renaissance it has been conventional to imagine how well the world might go if all types of sovereignty were abolished. The present-day version of this notion is something like a "universal right to immigrate." The trouble is that such a right cannot coexist with an immigration policy designed to serve the best interests of the United States, a country that already receives "twice as many immigrants and refugees as all other nations combined."

Lamm and Imhoff quite properly acknowledge what immigration has meant to the development of these United States. Indeed, they call for a policy of *continuing* legal immigration at the rate of about 400,000 a year. But they recognize the lesson inscribed plainly in the history of some of our Eastern and Midwestern states: that we can receive too many, too quickly; that there should be quotas for individual nations or areas, with not too many coming hither from a particular source or background. All of which is to realize that social peace, cultural survival, and stability, not economics per se, are the central issues at the heart of the debate. For, as the authors understand, "Most of us would not want the United States to become unrecognizably different from the way it is today." They recognize that American culture possesses a durable identity all its own, one defined by certain collective commitments to laws and persons, by a common language and common adversaries, tested by a history that is prescriptive in its authority over the present generation, even though not all of us had ancestors who fought in the Argonne, at Shiloh, New Orleans, or Kings Mountain.

Professor Nathan Glazer, who edited *Clamor at the Gates*, a set of impressive papers on particular aspects of the immigration issue, is less certain of the continuing authority among us of this antecedent national character. Yet he insists that "we will want to determine immigration policy on the basis of our interests." Moreover, his essay on bilingual education is as reasonable and persuasive a statement of the matter as I have seen. In conclusion, however, Glazer expresses some doubt that Americans as a people will be able to carry out a policy reflective of our national values and sense of the common good when it requires us to face down the charge that we are being unkind to unfortunate people.

Glazer's well-founded anxiety about the courage of contemporary American politicians is shared by many of the other contributors to this collection. Moreover, it is in some cases explained by their own uneasiness in dealing with the absolute terms of the rhetoric of the Left. Harris N. Miller defends Simpson-Mazzoli as a necessary mixture of the "restrictive" with the indulgent or permissive: in other words, defends amnesty as a concession to those who have encouraged the breaking of our laws. Lawrence H. Fuchs, former executive director of the Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy, goes beyond what he recommended in the 1981 bill, which he helped to shape, and suggests expanding the scope of existing civil-rights laws or the definition of "close relatives" to immigrants already here as an inducement to the "open-border" people to permit the rest of us to defend the country. Peter H. Schuck offers a more useful instruction for our times when he complains of "strangers" who, through the agency of our courts, "unilaterally . . . create and enforce substantive claims against American society" and cautions that "we must retain the power to make such choices collectively and self-consciously, and . . . must mobilize the will and resources to enable our government to enforce them."

If this nation in the decades to come is not to be torn apart by demagogues like Governor Toney Anaya of New Mexico, it will be obliged to come to terms with the problem of illegal immigration. For, without forceful legislation, the situation can only get worse, destroying finally that tolerance to which our most progressive spirits are ostensibly devoted. □



THE IDES OF APRIL

Paul Gottfried

Takings: Private Property and the Power of Eminent Domain, by Richard A. Epstein (Harvard, 312 pp., $25)

RICHARD A. EPSTEIN, James Parker Hall Professor of Law at the University of Chicago, has published widely on the subject of torts. He is also a defender of libertarian values and policies. In his newest book he combines legal scholarship and libertarian conviction to produce a brief against the destruction of property rights in modern America. One of the best-kept secrets in academic circles (I myself learned of it only at age 44) is that the Founding Fathers were as much concerned about protecting property as they were about freedom of assembly and other "civil liberties." Up until the twentieth century, few legal scholars would have questioned this. That they do so now, according to Epstein, indicates to what degree partisan zeal has overtaken constitutional studies.

Epstein meticulously examines the Fifth Amendment, which forbids the government's taking of private property "for public use without just compensation." He persuasively argues that this specific prohibition came from attitudes about property that the authors of the Constitution drew from English common law, William Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and John Locke's interpretation of natural right. Guided by these sources and others, the Founders believed it was one of government's chief duties to protect private property and private contracts. If some particular public good required the state to take property outright, or to limit its use and disposal, it was to offer just compensation as part of this forced exchange. Neither Locke nor Blackstone nor Epstein suggests that states—or civil society—can operate without

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST APRIL TITLES: In *The Bloody Crossroads: Where Literature and Politics Meet* (Simon & Schuster, $16.95), Norman Podhoretz appraises the political significance of such literary politicians as Henry Adams, Orwell and Camus, Henry Kissinger, and Solzhenitsyn. . . . *Less Than One* (Farrar, $25), by the Russian-born poet Joseph Brodsky, is a collection of, for the most part, sharply conceived and executed essays on Osip Mandelstam, Dostoyevsky, W. H. Auden, the "drab hell" that is the Soviet Union, and other matters.

In *The Creation of Patriarchy* (Oxford, $21.95), the feminist historian Gerda Lerner argues that the domination of women by men preceded the development of social and economic classes, beginning instead with the exchange of women between warring tribes. According to Mrs. Lerner, the Book of Genesis may be read as an historical document suggesting the transition from a matriarchal society to a patriarchal one: With the successful assault by the Hebrews upon the fertility goddesses of the ancient world, the power of female seers, healers, and priestesses was at an end.

☐ MORE MAY TITLES: *The "Uncensored War": The Media and Vietnam* (Oxford, $22.50), by Daniel C. Hallin, claims that American newsmen did not adopt an adversarial position during the Vietnam War: As long as the government was enthusiastic —from 1961 to 1966—they played along. It was only from 1968, when Washington itself was searching for egress and a plausible justification for it, that the media —with cooperative flexibility—commenced their drumbeat of criticism.

In *Under the Bombs: The German Home Front, 1942-1945* (Kentucky, $21), Earl R. Beck describes how the German populace suffered "the greatest travail a nation ever encountered" under an aerial pounding whose effects—seriously misjudged by the RAF and Allied commands—produced outbreaks of dissent on the home front with which the German government felt itself compelled to deal with increasing severity.

—CW

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forced exchanges. But their assumption, and the Founding Fathers', is that government exists to protect rather than transfer or redistribute property.

Epstein maintains that the American regime's transformation from a protector to a redistributor of private earnings and possessions did not occur all at once. It involved the establishment of legal precedents, starting with nineteenth-century judicial decisions regarding torts and interstate commerce and proceeding to cases of workers' compensation around the turn of the century. Basic to this erosion of property rights, says Epstein, was the acceptance of a legal distinction between "taking" and damaging, or controlling the use of, private possessions.

Epstein is particularly critical when he discusses transfer payments in the framework of the modern welfare state. No American government, federal or state, he insists, has the constitutional or moral right to mandate the transfer of fungible property (in this case, money) from one group to another, particularly without demonstrable compensation. He mocks the idea that the rich are receiving "in-kind compensation" by buying off the have-nots. On the contrary, he explains, welfare has actually spawned a growing class that lives off public money. Nor is there any sign that crimes against life and property decline in proportion to the amount of money government redistributes from one class to another.

Epstein denies that the Federal Government's constitutionally mandated function to promote "the general welfare" is an open-ended invitation to tax. Quoting Article I, Section 8, he shows that the taxing power of Congress was tied to the payment of public debts, the maintenance of common defense, and the discharge of ordinary public functions. Even if one can make, as did Federalists and later Whigs, the "general welfare" in Section 8 pertain to such projects as subsidizing road and canal construction and establishing a national bank, the "general welfare" provision is not an infinitely elastic one. And even if, *arguendo* (and now in fact), the government is allowed to carry out forced transfers of money between two groups of citizens, this does not warrant the imposition of a graduated income tax —a method of taxation that imposes higher rates on some groups than on others without corresponding compensations. Epstein finally opts for a flat tax as the least offensive form of direct taxation, given the Sixteenth Amendment and the unlikelihood of getting rid of the welfare system.

Although Epstein's book is a refreshing challenge to most conventional defenses of the welfare state, it lacks a historical perspective. Such a perspective might enable us to understand, without necessarily justifying, the piecemeal attack on property rights. The watershed cases Epstein examines fall mostly within a forty- to 45-year period, from the 1890s to the coming of the New Deal. This was the period in which mass heavy industry changed America and most of the Western world socially and demographically. Industrialization brought the organization of mass labor forces with increasingly impersonal ties to the owners and managers of the means of production. The financing of industrial enterprise encouraged the development of institutional and economic arrangements (e.g., corporations as legal persons and stocks and credits as forms of private property) that were only partially foreseen by eighteenth-century common-law experts and by America's Founders.

I agree with Epstein that these economic and institutional changes served as an excuse at least as often as they provided a cause for the revision of property rights. Unfortunately, Epstein does not deal explicitly with the ideologies behind changing views of property. For example, he discusses some cases concerning compensation for railroad workers that came before the courts during the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson, particularly the Supreme Court decision in *New York Central* v. *White* in 1916.* This decision, which upheld a lower court's judgment in favor of uniform governmentally imposed contracts for railroad workers, was related to Progressivist political thought and to certain reforms endorsed by Congress and the President. It might have been useful if Epstein had treated these cases in the context of the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission and of a general shift in the political climate.

Epstein traces the problematic nature of modern property rights to a loss of faith in the social-contract theory of Locke, which he tries to rehabilitate with some modification. Perhaps his inquiry should be given a different methodological focus. A few hundred years ago all the important Anglo-American political thinkers—Blackstone and Burke as well as Locke; Hamilton

*In that case the judges hit upon the unhappy metaphor of a living document to describe the common law: an image that would later be applied by the Warren Court to the Constitution.

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as well as Jefferson—believed that one of government's chief tasks was to protect property and the right of private contract. Why has this once respected function of government, embodied in the American Constitution, ceased to command widespread assent among politicians and intellectuals? The correct answer might help us to see how liberal societies perish. □

TRUTH PURSUED

John Lukacs

Sacco & Vanzetti: The Case Resolved, by Francis Russell (Harper & Row, 256 pp., $16.95)

THIS IS A very well-written book by a man whose knowledge and understanding of modern American history is deeply rooted in his own New England traditions. The book is important on two levels. One is Francis Russell's careful revision of the still widely accepted legend of the innocence of these two Italian terrorists. In August 1977, Michael Dukakis, the governor of Massachusetts, officially declared the fiftieth anniversary of their execution "Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti Memorial Day." Dukakis explained "that although he took no stand on whether the two were guilty or innocent, he wanted to remove any stigma or disgrace from the names of their families and descendants and so from the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." Russell writes: "How that could be done without declaring them innocent is a politician's secret." Never mind. That declaration was another of those Ideas Whose Time Has Come. An idea whose time has come —especially in this Age of Publicity— is usually no good.

More than 25 years ago Francis Russell became interested in this long-moldering case. He had thought, too, that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. Then the evidence to the contrary came together in his mind with his own intellectual honesty. The result was *Tragedy in Dedham*, published in 1962, in which Russell—rather conclusively, for this reviewer—established that Sacco was guilty of murder as charged, while Vanzetti, at least technically, was not. I write "for this reviewer," since, during the 25 years that followed, not many people changed their minds.

In November 1982 Russell received a letter. It was written by the son of Giovanni Gambera, who had died a few months before, one of the committee of four who knew Sacco and Vanzetti intimately and who ran the case for the anarchists. The father confided his secret to his son. "Everyone" in the Boston anarchist circle "knew *that Sacco was guilty and that Van*zetti was innocent as far as the actual participation in the killing. But no one would ever break the code of silence even if it cost Vanzetti's life." The letter to Russell ended: "I do hope this letter brings you some added ease and satisfaction for the research you did. Between you and me, this is the last word."

The result was this book. Russell reopened his case. What followed were another two years of research, including the now available FBI files, ballistic tests, and a visit to Gambera in San Francisco. Hence the subtitle: "A Case Resolved." All of this Russell sets forth in precise, lucid, often restrained prose. It is a detective story, the unfolding of a complicated case with remarkable literary skill.

But the detective story operates at only one of the book's two levels, the second of which is at least as interesting, and perhaps more telling. For Russell's work does not consist merely of the reconstruction of a crime, the legal evidence, and the story of the trial: It is a reconstruction of an episode *in the history of public opinion* ("public opinion," rather than popular sentiment), of a certain part of the American intellectual climate at a certain time.

In August 1927 there were anti-American demonstrations in European capitals protesting against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti in the Massachusetts electric chair. Mussolini and Stalin lamented the event in public. But that is not the significant portion of this story. In the United States, as Russell writes,

> In the feverish months of 1927 the case became a rallying point for the intellectual and academic commonality that in many cases set the tone for their entire lives. To intellectuals in their postwar sense of isolation and alienation, it gave a community of spirit, the pentecostal feeling of belonging, as well as the unadmitted satisfaction of identifying themselves with an elite. Their indignation was itself liberating, a catharsis of the emotions, a commitment of faith where the need to believe became the will to believe.

And that was not all. Not only intellectuals and liberals and radicals but the entire array of American bohemians were allied in this sentiment, together with many Boston ladies, bluebloods and bluestockings, women "of *dogmatic goodwill . . .*" They now had a cause which they embraced with at least as great a fervor as that of Abolitionism or the League of Nations. "To the tough-minded Communists they were known as 'sob sisters.' " (It took the vision of a great philosopher—Santayana, in *The Last Puritan*, a book that Russell does not mention—to see, a decade later, this connection between an etiolated Puritanism and the congealment of passions for some things on the Left.)

But Francis Russell's inquiry is a reconstruction of a chapter in intellectual history, not an ideological thesis. While he is good in describing the novel evidence of ballistic tests, he is —for this reviewer—even better in revising the historical shibboleths of a certain time and place. He proves, for example, that the first (May 1921) trial of Sacco and Vanzetti had little or nothing to do with the Red Scare that had followed World War I: By 1920 most of the vestiges of that scare were gone. Yet the assertion that Sacco and Vanzetti's arraignment was inescapably part and parcel of *the scare has remained the accepted* opinion of historians and political scientists to this day. Again, Russell firmly establishes that the 1927 trial and the previous jury selections were fair, and that Judge Thayer has been unjustly maligned ever since. Even more importantly, he recounts how certain people who later became celebrated American jurists were not only wrong in their assessments of the case but were purposeful intellectual opportunists. These include the then very young Michael A. Musmanno, who cut a ridiculous figure even in the eyes of Sacco and Vanzetti's closest associates at the time, but who wrote a largely fake book about the trial (which he had not even attended) and the verdict and who subsequently rose to circle high among the legal eagles of the Republic, becoming a hanging judge at Nuremberg and Justice of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth

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of Pennsylvania. Another great man was Felix Frankfurter, whose—entirely wrong—treatise *The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti: A Critical Analysis for Lawyers and Laymen* made the Sacco-Vanzetti case "belatedly chic." It was also an important step in the career of that abrasive and ambitious man who became, eventually, a Justice of the Supreme Court.

Sic transit . . . Thucydides, the first historian, wrote in the preface of his *History of the Peloponnesian War* that his task was the reduction of untruth. In this sense every historian worth his salt is a revisionist of sorts. As Kierkegaard once wrote, the truth is given to God alone; but what He gave to men is the task of the pursuit of truth. The Sacco-Vanzetti episode ought to teach us many things, among them that the single-minded pursuit of justice may actually lead to the veneration of untruth—which may be the main problem of the twentieth century. □

FICTION

CLIMATE OF TREASON

M. D. Aeschliman

High Jinx, by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. (Doubleday, 261 pp., $16.95)

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.'s new spy novel is set mainly in Britain in the early 1950s against the backdrop of the internecine post-Stalin "war of the Kremlin succession," which temporarily ended with the execution of the loathsome murderer and KGB chief Lavrenti Beria by his comrades. *High Jinx* is most assuredly entertaining, but it is not merely an entertainment. However urbane, Mr. Buckley is an evangelist, and his good news is, first and foremost, bad news: In season and out, he preaches the importance of knowing and meditating on the nightmarish history of the world since 1914, a period whose events are in such horrifyingly stark contrast to the expectations that had mounted from the hopes of Bacon in the early 1600s to the status of the religion of collective progress by 1900, when Swinburne could write, "Glory to Man in the highest, for Man is the master of things!" Our century has been unkind to such flatulent blasphemy and self-delusion.

The fictional foreground of Mr. Buckley's novel lights up the factual background of this stunning history, an understanding of which is the indispensable precondition of sanity, wisdom, and even survival in our time. Not that he makes heavy going of it. *High Jinx* has an exciting, suspenseful plot and some interesting characterization, and Mr. Buckley is willing enough to use the catnip of a little sin, the dollop of sexuality that is *de rigueur* in contemporary fiction. Yet essentially Mr. Buckley is haunted —like Solzhenitsyn, Silone, Chambers, Muggeridge—by our century's history, and, however light or witty, all his writing attests to this ghastly memory.

High Jinx reflects not only Mr. Buckley's own memory but also Andrew Boyle's great study of the Cambridge spies, *Climate of Treason*, which is not only about Burgess, Maclean, Philby, Sir Anthony Blunt, and their generation, but about the moral nihilism of our century and the *trahison des clercs* that is a part of it. Mr. Buckley's creation of Sir Alistair Fleetwood is to me the finest thing in the book, a delineation of a certain subversive Cambridge mentality—cerebral, aristocratic in manner and sensibility, Communist in loyalty, often homosexual in "affectional preference"—so well embodied in real life by Sir Anthony Blunt: eminent art historian, Keeper of the Queen's Pictures, haughty aesthete, fastidious homosexual, Soviet spy and recruiter.

In *High Jinx* Sir Alistair Fleetwood is an eminent physicist and inventor who enjoys all the perks of a senior Cambridge professor in college, but who also serves as a Soviet spy. Like Blunt, he is a classic case of what Michael Polanyi called "moral inversion," a hyper-moralistic mentality rooted, contradictorily, in a thoroughly naturalistic view of reality. This kind of moralism is always focused indignantly and simplistically on large social and political issues. The pleasures of moralism are thus preserved while the pains and sacrifices of personal ethics are altogether avoided.

Of course, all this lies more in the background than in the foreground of this story, which is appropriately gruesome and exciting. Someone in London has broken the top-secret level of Anglo-American defense intelligence and security and is providing the Soviet Union with devastatingly destruc-

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tive information. This security breach, its cause, terrible effects, and ultimate remedy are ingeniously described, and their plausibility is only increased by a knowledge of the real characters and "accomplishments" of the spies Burgess, Maclean, Philby, and Blunt.

Mr. Buckley is clearly fascinated and horrified by this chapter of often sophisticated intellectual treason, by the way bluebloods and pampered intellectuals served the red flag. This is why his portrait of the Cambridge don and spy Fleetwood is detailed, interesting, and convincing, as are the portraits of Bertram Heath and Fleetwood's spy mistress, the American expatriate Alice Goodyear Corbett (cf. Anna Louise Strong?). Relatively few non-Marxist members of the intellectual *haut monde* in the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties realized or stated how deeply Marxism had bitten into their illustrious brethren and how high their duplicity could go—as high as Philby, as high as Blunt, as high as Hiss.

Interestingly enough, the three main ones in the English-speaking world who did understand were all Christians, and deep ones: Herbert Butterfield in Cambridge, T. S. Eliot in London, and Reinhold Niebuhr in New York. The views attributed to or implied in Mr. Buckley's character Rufus, the American intelligence chief, seem to represent, however gingerly, the realization that if there is no God, everything *is* permitted, and history is only a nightmare with, as Niebuhr put it, the demon of vengeance (Marxism) in murderous pursuit of the demon of hypocrisy (capitalism).

In conclusion, there are some lovely, small points or references in the novel that are associated with the springs and sources of Mr. Buckley's own loyalty. Part of the spy action ironically takes place in the Farm Street Jesuit Church, near Grosvenor Square, London, the great converts' church (e.g., Evelyn Waugh) and one of the loveliest "modern" churches in the world. And Fleetwood has a treacherous rendezvous in Robertsbridge, East Sussex, a place that might be thought sacred to Tory Christians and anti-Communists: Not only is Kipling's home at Burwash nearby, but the old pub at Robertsbridge was beloved of Belloc and Chesterton, and for many years the village has been the home of that quixotic Christian, anti-Communist, sage, and wit, Malcolm Muggeridge, who has memorably described that climate of treason of which Mr. Buckley writes so entertainingly. □

TONSORIAL

Jeffrey Meyers

The Garden of Eden, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner's, 256 pp., $18.95)

HEMINGWAY'S WEAKER novels, based on recycled rather than recent experience, are more autobiographically revealing than his greatest fiction. *The Garden of Eden* is not nearly as good as *Islands in the Stream*, but it is worth reading for the light it casts on Hemingway's second marriage (to Pauline Pfeiffer), his hair fetishism, and his sexual fantasies—though anyone who picks up the novel for descriptions of kinky sex will be seriously disappointed.

Hemingway began to write the novel at the beginning of 1946—between *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *Across the River and into the Trees*—completed eight hundred pages by June (the original manuscript was three times longer than the present version) and wisely decided it was not good enough to publish. The themes are strikingly similar to those of Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night* (1934): corruption, guilt, adultery, lesbianism, and madness among wealthy and idle American expatriates on the south coast of France in the 1920s.

Hemingway was always aroused by women's hair and considered it the quintessential erotic mark. He enjoyed watching women comb their long hair; he liked his wives to let their hair grow long and then cut it short, to change their hair styles and hair color. In *A Farewell to Arms*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *Islands in the Stream*, and *The Garden of Eden*, the lovers experiment with dyeing their hair the same color and cutting it the same length in order to exchange sexual roles and merge their identities.

The Garden of Eden is based on Hemingway's honeymoon with Pauline in May 1927 at Le Grau-du-Roi, a colorful fishing village in the Camargue. David and Catherine Bourne at first lead an idyllic existence—tasting the pleasures of board, bottle, beach, and bed. The conversation between the adored husband and the compliant consort is reminiscent of *A Farewell to Arms*. They also engage in a perverse sexual practice that is never actually defined but is probably sodomy. Catherine has her hair cropped short like a boy's so she "can do anything," and persuades her reluctant husband to dye his hair the same blond color as hers. In May 1947, while working on this novel, Hemingway dyed his own hair a bright copper color and then claimed he had mistaken the bottle for his wife's shampoo.

After the Bournes meet a beautiful and vaguely sketched young woman, Marita, Catherine sleeps with her, urges Marita to sleep with David, and then becomes jealous of David's pas-

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sion for the blank and passive girl. The love triangle brings out the deep-rooted tensions in the Bournes' marriage: David's fear of corruption by Catherine's money and his growing fame as a writer, his conflict between idleness and work, her jealousy of his writing, the wife apparently deferring to but actually controlling the husband, and his guilt about their sexual perversions. He refuses an invitation to sleep with both women at the same time and compares Catherine's strange tastes to "getting tattooed or something." The opposition of a bisexual Catholic and a heterosexual Puritan is never resolved.

As Catherine's bitchy conversation comes to resemble the emotional discord described in classic stories like "Cat in the Rain" and "Hills like White Elephants," she begins to mock David's vain response to the reviews of his last book ("It's worse than carrying around obscene postcards really"), to interfere with his work, and to boast that she put up the money that made it possible for him to write. She then condemns, tears up, and finally burns his stories. Torn by her desire to be a lesbian ("Ever since I went to school all I ever had was chances to do it and people wanting to do it with me") and her wish to be a wife ("I did try and I broke myself in pieces in Madrid to be a girl and all it did was break me in pieces"), Catherine cracks up, goes away, and leaves David to Marita.

There is no real substance in this potentially interesting but actually trivial and repetitive plot. The material that Hemingway would once have condensed into a story, he now expands into a novel. He self-parodically writes, "The type of preserve that they chose and the manner in which the eggs were to be cooked was an excitement," and the main event of the first hundred pages is a haircut. But he still shows his old power to evoke the natural world—"All the yellow country and the white hills and the chaff blowing and the long lines of poplars by the road"—and he makes some interesting observations about writing when David is working on the boys' adventure story of the elephant hunt in Africa that predictably ends with "a huge wrinkled pile." Africa, where David grew up and where there are no complications with women, is the real lost Eden.

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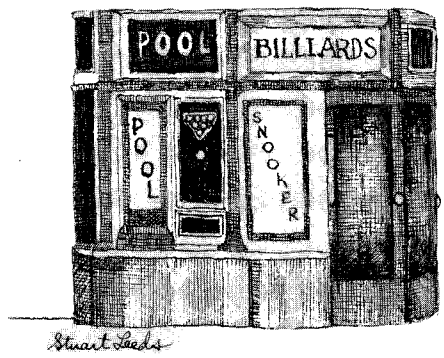
Hemingway states that the writer should "look at things and listen and feel . . . Know how complicated it is and then state it simply. . . . You must always remember the things you believed because if you know them they will be there in the writing and you won't betray them." In *The Garden of Eden*, unfortunately, the practice did not match the principles. □



MUSIC

THE VIOLIN LESSON

Daniel Mark Epstein

MY FRIEND Daniel Heifetz can stand on the stage with a violin pressed between his cheek and shoulder, and make thousands of people weep and tremble. I have seen him do this. And it seemed to me, a devoted amateur, that little cherubs with haloes fluttered around the head of his fiddle. I would be envious if I did not know how hard he works to keep those cherubs under control. He does this year in and year out, and his career as a concert musician takes him to Los Angeles, Munich, Singapore, and the ends of the earth. At home, Heifetz teaches young violinists from the Peabody Conservatory, when he is not practicing, or looking after his children. Father, husband, artist, and teacher, Daniel Heifetz is a young man with *exacting responsibilities*.

Not the least of Heifetz's concerns is his violin, which is 264 years old, approximately 227 years older than either of us. It even has a name. His violin is called the De Chaponay Stradivarius, after the French count who owned it until his death in 1877. I have seen the De Chaponay listed in the classic study of Stradivari's life and work, written by Hill, Hill, and Hill and published in 1902. In that faraway time the Hill brothers were calling the De Chaponay one of the finest instruments made in the year 1722, when the violin-maker was in his maturity as a craftsman.

Now, there is little doubt that the violins made by Antonio Stradivari in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries are the finest ever heard. Since only several hundred still exist, the best ones are priceless, although money does change hands when a Strad passes from one owner to another. A great deal of money. Not to mince words, my friend's violin is one of the most valuable pieces of wood in the world. The De Chaponay has an armored case that would survive fire, flood, and artillery shells. The first time I visited the Heifetz household I became aware of more than the usual clicking and clacking of locks and beeping of burglar alarms. I wondered aloud if my friend did not have an excessive fear of thieves, and he replied, smiling: "It's for the violin." The annual insurance premium on the De Chaponay would suffice to pay a child's private-school tuition for two years. Without the alarm system, the premium would be even higher.

This responsibility, which my friend bears with pride and equanimity, seems totally overwhelming to me. So one day over lunch, when our conversation turned to the pressures of adulthood, Heifetz mentioned his violin, and I could not contain myself. Half joking, *I suggested that he sell it.*

"Sell my fiddle?" He looked at me first in disbelief, as if he had not heard me correctly, and then with some indulgence, as if I had been one of his children.

But I went on. "Sure," I said. "You own it, don't you?"

He nodded. "Well," he sighed, "I do have a copy of it that I practice on, now and then."

"How does it sound?"

"Oh, it sounds very good. It was made by one of the greatest living craftsmen, and it's a perfect copy of the De Chaponay."

"So just how much better is the Stradivarius?" I demanded. "I mean, if there's not all *that* much difference, wouldn't it be a load off your mind to sell the Stradivarius and perform on the copy?"

By then my friend's amusement had reached such a pitch that he became animated about the question. He began to play along. He began to advance the reputation of the modern copy crafted by Peter Paul Prier in Salt Lake City. Heifetz attested that the Prier violin had a truly noble presence and an eloquent tone. In a practice room one could hardly distinguish between the sound of the Stradivarius and its copy—if anything, the De Chaponay sounded less comfortable, like a large man in a small room.

In fact, Heifetz had such confidence in the Prier violin that he was lending it to his prize student for her debut with the Baltimore Symphony. The student, Wanchi Huang, traveled from Taiwan two years ago to study with Heifetz. Now she had earned her place on the program of a major symphony by winning a statewide competition for high-school musicians. Her own violin, machine-made, was more than adequate for practice, but unequal to the occasion of her debut, which was to be that very evening.

"Would you like to come?" Heifetz asked. "You can give me support, because I will be more nervous than my student. And you will get to hear a good performance on the Prier violin, so you can better advise me about keeping the Stradivarius."

I agreed to go along.

Symphony Hall was full as our young soloist entered, violin in hand, amid thundering applause, as if the audience would do all it could to frighten her. Demure yet poised in her dress of pink tulle, Wanchi Huang smiled, bowed professionally, and answered the baton of the conductor.

She played the Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso of Saint-Saëns, a virtuoso piece. Written for the violinist Pablo de Sarasate, the music has a distinct Spanish flavor. The languorous excitement of the first melody gives way to a lively rondo with runs and smooth singing phrases, staccato passages like castanets, unexpected leaps and plunges, and colorful double-stopping. Wanchi performed with extraordinary self-possession for a 15-year-old. She was in command throughout, and at no point did the Prier violin let her down: It sang warmly, exactly, with sensitivity to her moods. The ending of the Capriccioso is a desperate, breathless race to the finish, and the Prier delivered every note perfectly, without blurring or discoloration.

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The applause doubled that which had welcomed her. Wanchi's teacher was smiling broadly and told me, above the clamor, that she had played beautifully, far better before the crowd than in private, which is one sign of a great future.

Later in the evening, after the reception for Wanchi, Heifetz asked me what I had thought of the Prier violin. I told him that although there were no other violins that night playing the Saint-Saëns, I felt sure no instrument could pay a more eloquent tribute to the work. Frowning, Heifetz agreed, adding, however, that he had never had the privilege of sitting in the audience while he himself stood on the stage and played. In fact he had never heard himself playing the Stradivarius *or* the Prier at any creditable distance.

Though we could not solve that problem we did the next best thing. Two days later we packed up the violins, called Wanchi, who agreed to come along, and headed for the empty concert hall. We had Wanchi's machine-made instrument. We had the Prier copy of the De Chaponay. And then we had the De Chaponay Stradivarius itself, sleeping in its bulletproof coffin like Dracula. Heifetz and I stood in the middle of the auditorium while Wanchi stood on the stage, surrounded by fiddles, music stands, and forlorn harps and pianos. She would begin with the younger violins.

Wanchi played the Introduction of the Saint-Saëns as she had the night of her debut, but on the machine-made violin the sound was smaller. Some of the notes got lost altogether, and the notes that did reach us lacked body. As we moved closer to the stage we could hear more, but the tone did not improve.

"Thank you," called Heifetz. "Now play the same on the Prier."

The difference was remarkable. It could be described most definitely as a difference of size. It was as if some aperture through which the sound must pass had been widened. The melancholy Introduction to the Rondo, which on the machine-made violin sounded rather like a whimper, now sounded like a full-blown complaint that could not be ignored. We had been listening through a keyhole, and now the Prier had opened the door.

"Wanchi," called Heifetz. He had to call her twice. "Now play it on the Strad."

As she lifted the De Chaponay carefully from the velvet lining of its case, I thought I could hear it groan, like someone who is unaccustomed to being disturbed for trifles. The Stradivarius is several shades darker than the Prier, but otherwise looks the same. With some difficulty of adjustment that I did not understand, a faint rasping in the strings, Wanchi started once more upon the Saint-Saëns Introduction. The sound was noticeably larger than the Prier's, though the difference was not dramatic or to the discredit of the younger violin. But there was something else.

Heifetz looked at me with some intensity. "Do you hear it?" he asked. And I admitted that I did indeed, as anyone with ears would have to admit that he heard thunder. But I did not know if I could tell him what, exactly, I was hearing, or how much it was influenced by myth. After all, an amateur is only an amateur, no matter how passionate, and it suddenly occurred to me that I might be deaf compared to Heifetz. At first I perceived the difference as a greater fullness, a kind of booming in the lower register. Then I observed that during the rests, the notes simply lasted longer than the Prier's while never stumbling over one another or blurring in the trills.

Heifetz had not invited me there to be entertained. He wanted me to tell him what I was hearing, honestly and without embellishment, as if the violins had been on trial for some serious offense. The teacher thanked his student, and took her place on the stage. Now I was on trial as well, for although Heifetz might listen to Wanchi play the violins, he could not listen to himself. And that would have been the

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only true test, for him. The Stradivarius, unlike the Guarneri or the Amati, is not an accommodating instrument. The Stradivarius resists the performer, and the music has to be coaxed from it. Great musicians learn how to harness this energy, but it takes long practice and familiarity with the particular violin. No one, at present, can put the De Chaponay through its paces but Daniel Heifetz. And he had invited me to judge its performance, a task that humbled me. If I could describe the violin's distinction, then it must be very obvious indeed.

In Heifetz's hands the machine-made violin actually sounded worse than before, though it was hard to tell whether it was suffering now by comparison with the finer instruments, or at the hands of a stranger. He was clearly struggling to get the best notes out of Wanchi's violin, but some got lost and others seemed to fuse, particularly in the arpeggios and trills. Heifetz set the fiddle down and took up the honey-colored Prier.

After a few strokes of adjustment Heifetz began playing the Bruch concerto, and we perceived a tone that was clearly superior to anything we had yet heard. The first movement of that piece, slow, mysterious though linear, is a test of range from low to high tones. For the first time the hall was full of music. Each note, round

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THE ECONOMIC aspect of the debate over illegal immigration to the United States is far from being the whole or, to my mind, even the determinative part of it; yet it is the one most accessible to objective investigation: Viewed as an economic problem, an otherwise confused and perplexing subject appears to offer at least the possibility of rational comprehension. Perhaps that is why it has so often been the target of obfuscators like Professor Julian Simon of the University of Maryland and the Heritage Foundation, whose *parti pris* arguments and sometimes obsolete data have happily begun to yield to those set forth by more responsible investigators—such as Philip L. Martin, professor of Agricultural Economics at the University of California-Davis and author of a thoughtful and well-argued monograph, *Illegal Immigration and the Colonization of the American Labor Market* (Center for Immigration Studies, 1424 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $6.95).

According to Professor Martin, a longtime student of the vicissitudes of the American labor market, the availability of illegal aliens to major industries in certain regions of the United States has had—and continues to have—significant and frequently unlooked-for effects upon investment, employment, and competitive trends in the nation as a whole. Martin describes the displacement of American workers by undocumented ones in agriculture, food processing, services, and construction, a process largely forwarded by network recruiting and subcontracting; he concludes that Congress's reluctance to move against the flow of illegals across America's borders has had the effect of granting a selective labor subsidy that, over the past two decades, has disrupted domestic investment decisions, slowed economic growth, and led to the proliferation of low-skilled, low-productivity jobs (many of them of an "artificial" nature: i.e., housekeeping and landscaping jobs that, in the absence of cheap and hungry illegals, would largely be performed by householders themselves) in an economy that ought rather to be modernizing and sophisticating itself.

In making these and related assertions, Martin flies in the face of many of the cherished axioms of the pro-immigration side, such as that adding so many people to the population spurs growth by that much; that the United States has need of more of a certain type of low-skilled or unskilled worker; that the presence of additional workers, by depressing wages and holding down consumer prices, generates business profits that in turn are used to underwrite investments, resulting in new firms and factories, new jobs, and higher wages and productivity, hence expanding the economy; and that moving against illegal workers (as the INS did in 1982 in Operation Jobs) has as its primary effect the destruction of companies dependent on those workers and a decline therefore in the delivery of goods and services.

Having placed himself directly within enemy fire, however, Martin proceeds to give still better than he gets. Yes, additional people *can* spur growth, but they are not essential to it: An alternative is to provide "more and better capital for each person employed and [to push] back technological frontiers"—which, by the way, has the effect of raising the GNP *without* at the same time lowering GNP per capita. No, we do *not* need more low-skilled workers, making possible larger industries with greater output and lower unit costs, since having at one's beck and call a pool of readily available cheap labor is ultimately less likely to lead to business investment in high-technology production than to outmoded labor-intensive production processes, to the detriment of American productivity. No, the INS does *not* go abroad at night dressed in white sheets and seeking to put honest American companies out of business—nor is that the effect of its operations, since nearly all companies that are unable to compete for workers at the national free-market standard are already on the skids and doomed to eventual disintegration. And so on, and so forth.

In Professor Martin's opinion, immigration reform must be enacted *soon*, before "the availability of low-wage immigrant workers becomes a resource that gets capitalized into the values of land and business assets." Already, "some of the service establishments, factories, and farms of the most sophisticated economy in the world are dependent on the most remote Mexican or Central American villages for unskilled labor"—with serious distortions accruing to each of those economies. "The American economy," Martin concedes, "will have more jobs and businesses if illegal-alien workers are allowed to enter freely and work in the United States. But the number of jobs and businesses alone is not an accurate measure of the soundness of economic development or quality of life. Tolerating heavy illegal immigration introduces distortions into the economy that are difficult to remedy, while imposing environmental and social costs that must be borne by the society as a whole." □

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and precise, seemed to reach the ceiling and the far corners of the space. That is what I told him when he called to me, and later I admitted I did not know if it were the violin or his playing that made it so. Then he played some of the Tchaikovsky concerto, to test the high notes, which were clear and ringing. To display the violin's brilliance in arpeggiation he began the Bach Chaconne, and it was so beautiful I begged him not to stop.

But Heifetz had not come to play me a concert. He set down the Prier copy of the De Chaponay and picked up the thing itself. Now, as Heifetz raised the Stradivarius to his shoulder, his eyes drooped slightly, while losing none of their alertness. A visible peace descended upon him, a sunny hypnotic calm that communicated itself to Wanchi and myself. I remembered, the last time I had seen him play, the same calm descended upon several thousand people. Whether the musician made that happen, or the De Chaponay had made its uncanny power work through him, even in silence, no one will ever know.

Suddenly a high note cut through the air, dividing the auditorium like a lightning bolt. It was the high note of the famous opening of Beethoven's concerto for violin and orchestra, wherein the violin seems to be climbing up the side of a mountain from which it has been promised a view of paradise. I said that the note came like lightning, yet it hung in the air like a star.

I am not making poetry, for it would not serve my purpose or the violinist's. The fact is, there are few ways of describing differences of tonal quality. It is not enough to say that the De Chaponay has more volume than the other violins, that its notes have more duration and resonance. As Heifetz played that high note of the Beethoven, working up to it again and again, I realized that the note, like a star or any other light source, had an aura, which faded as it receded from the brilliance of its center. That was the "edge" of the sound, the split second when it becomes silence. The notes of the other violins, however brilliant at the center, sometimes wavered uneasily at the edge of silence, like a child afraid of diving off a cliff. The edge of the De Chaponay's note, on the other hand, rainbowed into the silence with perfect consistency and grace.

Heifetz moved from the dramatic opening of the Beethoven concerto to its tragic cadenza, wherein the violin sings a duet with itself, high and low. And suddenly there were the cherubs; I could see them cavorting around the violin head. Considering the intricate braiding of the many sounds, each with its own "aura," it seemed incredible that none of the colors were lost, and that the De Chaponay, in Heifetz's hands, could keep all of those sounds in balance.

"Well," he called. "What do you think?"

I looked at Wanchi, who was grinning, but professionally cool all the same. I did not know where to begin. I wanted to call out that the thing was alive, that Antonio Stradivari had endowed the raw maple wood with his wisdom, which was the sum of what the Western world had learned about music as of 1722; that since then the violin had absorbed the intelligence of every violinist who played it, as well as the emotion of countless wars, deaths, births, and marriages which it had outlived. And like any sagacious creature the De Chaponay had used experience to its advantage. I wanted to tell him that the violin had frightening power, not only to express his musical genius, but to influence it.

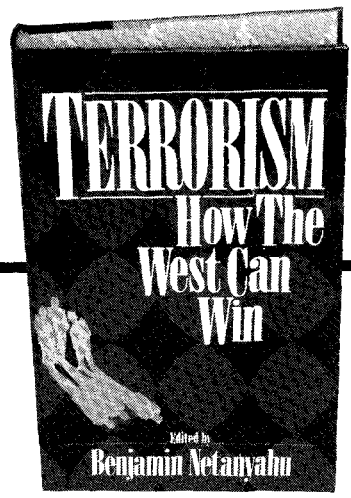
I can say without embarrassment that I did not know what to tell Heifetz without sounding like a fool or a madman. And by now I had the feeling that I could not tell him much he did not already know.

So I kept it short. "It is like you are playing an instrument that is a foot longer than the others. The music goes farther and lasts longer, because it seems to come from a deeper source. I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know?" he replied, laughing.

Again Heifetz took up the Bach Chaconne, a piece for solo violin that displays the most ingenious and soul-searching arpeggiation, and the cherubs began dancing around the peg scrolls, and a few demons joined them. The De Chaponay was scattering light all over Symphony Hall, like a diamond. Wanchi confessed her admiration, while admitting a professional loyalty to the younger instruments, which were far more comfortable.

Later my friend asked me, with a charming air of innocence, if he should keep his Stradivarius. Wanting him to know just how well I had learned my



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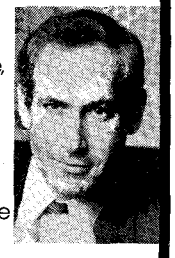

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lesson, I told him he should find the De Chaponay's twin, and lock one in a vault, in case something should happen to the other.

As a writer, I am glad there are no pens like that. □

THE GIMLET EYE

THE PEOPLE MAGAZINE SIN POLL

D. Keith Mano

THE WHOLE CONCEPT, conceit rather, of a Sin Poll is both preposterous and fun. In America we do tend to stretch democracy as if it were made from solid Lycra. As if evil were a political hack you could stuff the ballot box for or against. Imagine Moses trudging down from Mount Sinai to announce, "My fellow Israelites, I have this heavy stone questionnaire . . ." Preposterous, yet understandable here. After all, in America abortion became "moral" by a 5 to 4 or 6 to 3 vote, I forget which. Sin, however, was never meant for national referendum or direct-mail canvass. By definition it entails a trespass against *divine law*. Not against popular will. God, we presume, can call in an awful lot of upstate votes.

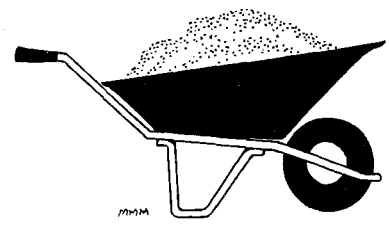
I wrote that last winter to introduce the *People* Magazine Sin Poll result. I worked mostly with pigeon entrails and a table rapper—my piece was due before this great moral plebiscite had been rung up at the register. I went on to predict that, yes, sin—some sin at least—has upshifted since 1950 or even 1970. I thought the change, nonetheless, would be more sensational than profound. Of those 51 *People* sin categories, 19 were implicated in lust. And it is around lust that our most conspicuous ethical left turn has been taken. Medieval theologians anticipated this, so to speak: they made a distinction between Cold Sin and Warm Sin. Sin of perverted love and sin of excessive love.

Lust, obviously, is warm and excessive. Here the Seven Deadly Sins (which *People* people were asked to list from memory—and couldn't) can serve as a useful test pattern. St. Gregory the Great finalized this Seven Worst list, and his order of importance may surprise you. It goes: Pride, Envy, Anger (Cold), Sloth (Lukewarm), Greed, Gluttony, and Lust (Warm). Lust is last and presumably least destructive of the human soul. Modern perverseness lies less in our chic, high-tech dalliance with lust than in our tiresome and unmagnificent obsession with it. This must, by monotonous drill, deflect from true human love.

But I thought that we still would show contempt for the big, cold sins—Pride and Envy and Anger. After all, a man might boast about his sexual free-throw percentage, but never about slapping the children in peevish spite. He might stack one dead-soldier beer can atop another to show off macho piggishness, but he'd seldom admit that he was jealous of a friend. For cheap, mean, chilly sinfulness we had, I assumed, as little tolerance as ever.

Well, I was right and I was wrong. The polling habit itself, our firstborn instinct for democratic consensus, turned out to be more indicative than any individual result. Sin has become a legalistic, not a divine (or subjective), occasion. Something the League of Women Voters might supervise. What emerged (from that wide, diverse *People* readership) is probably an accurate precinct count for our moral sense. The erosion zone didn't lie between Hot Sin and Cold Sin. Preponderantly it lay between actionable and victimless transgression. Where courts (the Supreme, most of all) have made a ruling, conscience will read law. Sin, in fact, is merely *crime*.

On a scale of one to ten—where ten represents heinous sin, five some guilt, and one no compunction at all—murder was highest at 9.84, "taping off TV" 1.76 and last. In the top 16 only suicide (7.42) had no obvious consequence for someone else. By contrast, of *People*'s bottom 21, "telling a white lie" and capital punishment alone could be construed as other-harmful. This narrow construction often made for absurd, if popular, home casuistry. "Parking in a handicapped zone" (5.53) was well above "premarital sex" (3.70). "Cutting into lines" (4.91) beat "living together without marriage" (3.74), "not voting" (3.25), and masturbation (3.07). We have become a people most concerned with personal space, not moral health. It doesn't matter if you're jealous, idle, or profane—just don't push in front of me at the supermarket checkout.



This dichotomy was reinforced by a side-dish question. Would you report bank errors in your favor when made by a) the teller, b) some anonymous cash machine? Eighty-four per cent said yes to a), just 60 per cent to b). As for the ultimate anonymous cash machine, "cheating on your income tax" got 5.35, a bare pass/fail.

There were some agreeable scores. "Spying against your country" ran fifth worst at 9.68. Adulterers had little broad-base support—tenth with 7.63. And capital punishment troubled surprisingly few people (3.72). Otherwise, though, the liberal ticket had wide coattails. Homosexual practice and abortion were virtually even, 6.12 and 5.78—a soupçon of guilt, not much more. Sexual harassment (6.97) overtook them both and slaughtered unwed parenthood (4.56). Bigotry (7.42) beat up on divorce (4.31)—I don't know how prejudice against a divorcée would do (add them up and divide by two, maybe). The Warren Court can be felt underneath. Perhaps a Miranda card should get appended to the Ten Commandments.

Yet St. Gregory's vice index represented a critical advance for Western moral consciousness. It gave emphasis to the intimate relationship between man and his God, man and his own inner spiritual well-being. The Ten Commandments, by comparison, were largely social. You didn't kill because, if you did, your tribe might disintegrate. And, in that sense, this modern Sin Vote is much closer to Old than New Testament. The Ten Commandments are prohibitive. The Seven Deadly are each an invitation to examine your soul's vigor.

But greed hit 5.43. Envy and sloth were 4.10 and 4.08, respectively. As for "lust in the heart," it was a cocktail-napkin joke—3.65. There are, apparently, few crimes of the inner man—and little reference to authority higher than Thurgood Marshall. I cherish the Golden Rule, mind. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you is a central, but not an exclusive maxim. And it can become infected by

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legalism. There are things we do unto ourselves that bring on a darkness beyond legislation. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Contemplating Music: Challenges to Musicology, by Joseph Kerman (Harvard, 255 pp., $15)

JOSEPH KERMAN, author of *Opera as Drama* and *The Beethoven Quartets*, has written a very good book about a very arcane subject: musicology, that branch of musical study which deals (in Mr. Kerman's words) with "the history of Western music in the high-art tradition," and which conservatory performance majors refer to among themselves as "the music major for music majors who don't like music." Mr. Kerman, who *does* like music and who has been writing exquisitely about it for several decades, is a first-rate musicologist who, in the guise of setting down "one musician's analysis of modern ideas and ideologies of music," has given us a passionate polemic against the kind of musicology that is obsessed with "the verifiable, the objective, the uncontroversial, and the positive . . . more and more facts, and less and less confidence in interpreting them." His argument against positivistic musicology is both relevant and accessible to any intelligent listener. ("In one and only one of Haydn's hundred-odd symphonies, material from the slow introduction quite unexpectedly recurs at the end of the first allegro movement. What possible 'covering law' could explain this feature of the 'Drum-Roll' Symphony? Positivistic musicology cannot even begin to deal with questions on this level—the level that counts, if we care about the symphony as a unique event in history.") And Mr. Kerman frames his argument in a witty, contentious prose completely liberated from the chains of jargon. ("Half of the academic community writes when it has nothing to say, it seems, while the other half conspires to get that writing published.") *Contemplating Music* goes beyond polemic to provide a lucid overview of important developments on the postwar musical scene: Verdi studies, the historical-performance movement, *The New Grove*, the rise of Milton Babbitt and the Princeton school of musical analysis. Mr. Kerman is especially good on ethnomusicology, correctly isolating "middle-class antagonism toward conventional middle-class culture" as a key factor in the ideological makeup of this burgeoning new academic racket. And there is a glorious dig at the business of music journalism: "The folklore of journalism is rich in rascally tales of music critics who switched over one fine day from the sports pages to revel in a life of ignorance and spite." TERRY TEACHOUT

SOBRAN

(Continued from page 26)

And they are getting their way. The public is picking up the tab.

Last year, California's state insurance board rejected a Blue Cross request for exemption from the expenses of sexually transmitted diseases: That would be "discriminatory." New York City alone will spend an estimated $100 million this year on the cost of caring for AIDS patients. The Centers for Disease Control put the total cost of the first ten thousand reported AIDS cases, in hospital costs and lost income, at $6 billion so far.

Since AIDS is as yet incurable and AIDS patients require prolonged medical care to alleviate their suffering, it isn't hard to foresee the impact of the disorder on private and public insurance systems. When a politician like Mayor Koch, ever compassionate, boasts of the level of his city's spending on AIDS patients, he is really telling the taxpayer, in traditional circumlocution, how much is coming out of said taxpayer's pocket, to wit, $600 per day per patient, "approximately 60 to 70 per cent more than the cost of

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treating the typical medical patient." Koch compares New York's spending favorably with that of San Francisco, the gayest city, per capita, in the United States. New Yorkers can be proud.

Meanwhile, the public has acted less like the bigoted mob gay activists say they fear than like a passive sponge, soaking up the social, economic, and moral costs of the AIDS epidemic. Nobody died at Three Mile Island, but an accident there brought down strict controls—and moral opprobrium—on the nuclear-power industry. Thousands have died of AIDS, and more thousands are going to die of it, but no serious restraints or even censure has been placed on sodomite promiscuity. It's up to the rest of us to pay the bills, find the cures, and take the risks.

Gay power seems to be greater than nuclear power. The conservative activist Paul Weyrich is right when he says that popular "hysteria" over AIDS reflects justified mistrust of the official experts and the media. The powers that be are clearly defining acceptable risks to public health not according to measurable or potential danger, but according to an ideology that exempts the main vehicles of AIDS from responsibility for it. □

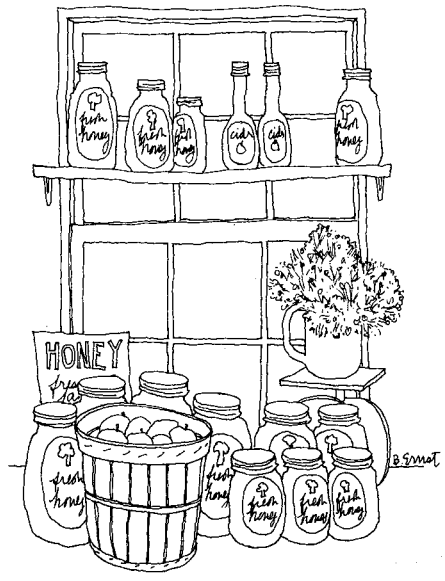
WAGNER

(Continued from page 32)

inconvenient. "Pluralism" becomes a duty rather than a right. Mr. Podesta verbally repudiates the logical conclusion of his reasoning by denying that he believes in "compulsory public education." But the conclusion is clear enough: pluralism redefined as mandatory exposure to conflicting viewpoints.

"Back in the early Sixties," Mr. Glasser says, he was "very enamored" of vouchers because they "did seem precisely the way out of a lot of dilemmas." But today he opposes them. In addition to some practical economic reservations, he fears the "terrific parochialism that used to exist, even in a place like New York, because of the isolation of neighborhoods and because of the way cultures and institutions have of replicating themselves. That's the flip side of the whole business. Isolation does breed fear, it breeds prejudice, and it's a big problem."

So does he too view pluralism as mandatory exposure to diverse viewpoints? Stipulating that he is always



uncomfortable with the word "mandatory," Mr. Glasser concedes "that's an argument that ought not to be dismissed." Public education "acts as a counterweight to the ethnic and religious and racial isolation which is productive of conflict and fear and prejudice in society. The Amish model is not wonderful. It works only if it's infrequent and represents a small number of people. If it's a model and pattern for the whole society, it can't work. Even if vouchers worked the way proponents think they will work, there would be something lost. We have to live with a great many different people, like it or not." For all Mr. Glasser's personal moderation, his position is not, in the end, much different from Mr. Podesta's.

THE TWO ARMIES in the field both think they are fighting a defensive action. Yet whenever I asked the opponents of the New Right precisely what they were afraid it would do, they came up short on specifics. I heard, instead, a subtle paternalism that regards moral conservatives as intellectual and social infants who have to be educated out of their backward ways —not, to be sure, by coercion, but by the gradual attrition of their refuges.

The constituents of the New Right "feel threatened," say its opponents, in a back-handed acknowledgment of its defensive nature. But when it comes to that, do New Rightists feel as threatened by change and diversity as the ACLU and People for the American Way do by traditional values and religious faith? Of course, the crusaders against the New Right have nothing against religion and values, provided Jerry Falwell doesn't try to "impose his values on the rest of society." But if Jerry Falwell said to them, "I have nothing against indifferentism and relativism, provided Norman Lear doesn't try to impose them on the rest of society," would they be mollified? Do they cheer the Supreme Court's decisions on school prayer although or *because* the decisions imposed a single viewpoint about religion where a rich diversity had previously existed?

Ira Glasser's insights about changes in American society are partly right. It is now much harder for groups with incompatible values to ignore each other. Interestingly enough, his two cultural superpowers, television and education, are themselves changing rapidly. Cable television and the home-video explosion have significantly increased personal discretion. And the education-reform movement is slowly drawing more attention to the baneful results of centralization and is popularizing both parental choice—as in vouchers —and greater local control of public schools.

If these developments pan out—if people can increasingly find an alternative to the television networks, and can choose private schools or even public schools that reflect their values —we will have restored some of the authentic pluralism we lost during the past twenty years or so. Then people of differing values will be able to compete in the various culture-making arenas, and there will be no further need for either side to detect dark conspiracies in the other.

That won't be the end, of course, because it won't settle the question of whether the Religious Right or its opposition is correct; that is, whether revealed religion or secularism is a better foundation for personal and social life. Authentic pluralism—the sort that accepts the integrity of ethnic and religious groups not as a concession but as a right—is not a solution to this problem: It is a set of ground rules for future competition. In the meantime, though, we frequently see a different sort of pluralism being advocated as a thin cover for an anti-religious, anti-traditional agenda. The debate over which pluralism we want for America is not out in the open, and it should be. That's the American Way. □

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STOP SMOKING IN ½ HOUR FLAT

Even Though You Really Don't Want To Quit!

That was me. A pigheaded, "didn't want to quit", die-hard smoker. Trapped in an aggravating love-affair—with cigarettes.

Openly, I cursed their choking grip on me. Inwardly, I was totally unwilling to do anything else but puff away. Your typical chain-smoker wildly raving about kicking the habit—*and not meaning one single word.*

It was a joke. Unfortunately, the laugh was on me. The grim warnings of the Surgeon General, the American Cancer Society, and my worried doctor all went in one ear and out the other. My tobacco addiction was like a runaway train. Completely out of control and destined for disaster. *Unstoppable!*

Me give up smoking? Better ask for my right arm!

Every so often, I would make a good old college try at quitting cold turkey. Before you could say "Jack Robinson", there I'd be. Frantically scrounging in the garbage for soggy butts. As usual, my good intentions went up in smoke. I was hooked—*again.*

Who was I kidding? Smoking was an undeniable necessity. Super-important to my daily life. How I enjoyed that first eye-opening drag in the morning—that satisfying end-of-the-meal lighting up —that nerve-settling inhalation when things got hectic. Me give up all these irreplaceable pleasures? Better ask for my right arm!

Cancer or no cancer, doctor or no doctor, I loved smoking much too much to ever stop. But one day, I discovered a secret that turned my burning passion into red-hot hate. A secret that set me free in just 30 minutes flat. *Not a single cigarette in 20 years!*

Freed me in 30 minutes! Not a cigarette in 20 years!

My smoking is past-history. Gone without hypnosis, behavior modification, pills, drugs, classroom courses, nail-biting, will-power or climbing the walls. Gone without such games as switching brands, chewing gum, fake candy, diary-keeping or saving dirty stubs in a messy jar.

Gone, too, without gaining an extra ounce. Matter of fact, my wife says that I even lost a couple of pounds. And I never felt better.

Running into an old buddy brought back memories of those "didn't want to quit" days. This 3-packs-a-dayer had tried everything but still couldn't stop. He begged me to outline the details of my remarkable secret.

That night, I wrote it out in plain, step-by-step language anyone could understand and mailed him a copy. After it did the trick for my buddy, he told some of his friends. Soon, I was hunted out by pleading strangers for the same "Stop Smoking Secret."

If you can lick a stamp, you can lick your cigarette habit just as I—and they —did. I know what it's like to have that compelling urge to light up. And I know what it's like to be able to smilingly pass it by without pangs of yearning.

What's more, I know that you can honestly and truly stop smoking for keeps in half an hour flat—even if it's the last thing in the world you'd rather do. All for a ten dollar bill.

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Simply send for my "Stop Smoking Secret" and read it. Yes, it's as easy as that. Just *read* it. I can't tell *how* it works. It just *does*. I guarantee it, with no strings attached.

Guaranteed to work— or your next pack's on me!

If you ever start smoking again after reading my secret—and I mean *ever*— you haven't lost any money. Merely return it for a full, every-penny-back refund plus $1 extra for a pack of cigarettes! *My treat!*

OK. I know exactly what's running through your mind. Even with my foolproof, risk-free, money-back plus guarantee, you're still looking for a way to get out of sending for my secret. You can't fool me. It's not the money. You'll pocket 100 times your investment in cigarette savings alone. The bottom line is this: You really don't want to quit—*and you'll do anything to avoid it.*

But just this once, listen to that little voice inside your head. Just this once give in to your common sense and give my secret a "look." Watch it automatically work for you in the only way that counts. Permanent no smoking! *Or your next pack's on me!*

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OK—I'll take a risk-free look. Here's my $10. Rush the "Stop Smoking Secret." If I ever start smoking again, I can return it for $11 refund. (That's $10 back plus $1 extra for a pack of cigarettes—*GUARANTEED*!)

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LIBYA: ANTICIPATIONS

NEW YORK, APRIL 11

A TRIP ACROSS the country reveals heavy sentiment in favor of doing something on the Libyan front. Something more decisive than what we did a few weeks ago when we reminded Mr. Qaddafi—forcefully, so to speak—that he did not have the right to draw national boundaries across a slice of the Mediterranean. Often the question is put, What shall we do about Qaddafi? in the context of a second question, What should we do about the Sandinistas?

An important distinction should be made, and pressed by the government.

It is this: that action against the Sandinistas is in the nature of a geopolitical imperative. If the Sandinistas become fully entrenched and discharge their own afflatus, which is to bring Marxism to the nations on their frontiers, then we will be facing a massive challenge that indeed, depending on whether you are listening to Patrick Buchanan or to Ronald Reagan, will bring troubles as far as San Diego, or as far as San Antonio.

Libya is a different question. There we are dealing with someone taxonomized by President Reagan as a "mad dog." But we should remind ourselves that while Libya is a great trouble spot in the Mediterranean, there are other trouble spots capable of doing damage whether Qaddafi lives or dies. Last Thursday a high Administration official (so identified by the press) reported that there was absolute, documentable evidence that the bomb that went off in the West Berlin discothèque killing two people was an instrument of Libya. One is given to believe by Mr. Reagan, at his last conference and indeed at other press conferences, that we have in hand the proof that Qaddafi was behind other acts of terrorism. The government has not given out this documentation on the grounds that to do so would endanger the apparatus by which we came to get that information. But that it exists is not seriously in doubt. We know that there are camps in Libya organized to train terrorists. We should not be surprised if graduates of those camps come out with bombs in their pockets.

But if we strike against Qaddafi, and do away with that particular mad dog, we are left with quite a few others. Mr. Reagan has not assigned to the leaders of Syria and Iran a genus and species, but call them, if you like, a plain simple term: fanatics. If Libya were to disappear from the face of the earth, we would still have left the fanatics who run Syria and make Lebanon uninhabitable. And that awful man who in the name of religion trains young men to commit suicide in the war against Iraq, and who began his apparently endless reign by taking 63 American hostages. In short, terrorism will perhaps marginally decrease with the end of Qaddafi, but it will not be exterminated.

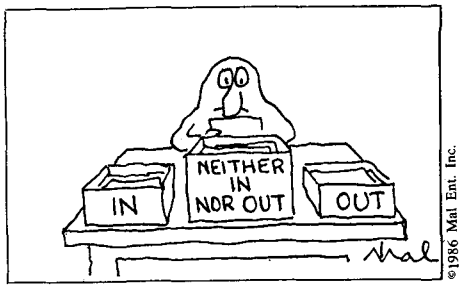
What then would be the purpose of a military move against Qaddafi?

Sharply to be distinguished from a military move against the Sandinistas, it would be an act of exemplary justice. It would be a sign to the whole world that the United States will not tolerate studied terrorism, many of whose victims are citizens of the United States.

Would it be worth the risk?

That, no doubt, is the point being argued in the White House. On the negative side, undoubtedly some American fighting men would die in the enterprise. On the positive side, the world would be reminded that America ought not, really, to be trifled with. The wrong word, perhaps: A great country permits a little trifling. But a great country needs to give evidence—exemplary evidence, on occasion—that it is not permanently asleep, that there is a limit to the provocations it will endure.

That, in the view of this observer, is the creeping consensus in America. Moreover, it is in the nature of the American character that we should want to get it done quickly: over and out. A Grenada-style operation. One shrewd observer, in discussing the question, remarked that if there had been a national poll the week before we dispatched the Communists in Grenada on the question, Should we invade? the answer would probably have been negative. On the day after we did so, with such success, the approval was all but unanimous. These are thoughts correctly occupying the attention of the shrewdest politician to have occupied the White House since FDR. □



LIBYA: REACTIONS

NEW YORK, APRIL 18

THE SOVIET UNION on Monday paused long enough from dropping toys, loaded with explosives, by parachute to Afghan children to denounce the "criminal action" of the United States in bombing military installations in Libya congested with Soviet-made military hardware. This denunciation by the Soviet Union of American criminal action was followed by a terse rescission of a date between Foreign Minister Shevardnadze and Secretary of State George Shultz, at which the two gentlemen were scheduled to discuss an agenda for a summit meeting between Mr. Reagan and Mr. Gorbachev. As is always the case—*always* the case—the Soviet Union left much of the world, including many American opinion-makers, with the impression that canceling a diplomatic engagement designed to enhance the prospects of peace in our time is an effective rebuke of the United States. It is as if the Nazis at Nuremberg had denounced the behavior of the prosecutors as criminal action, going into a long pout.

But the Soviet Union we always have with us, and it remains to wonder only why it is we care what it says, or for that matter does, always supposing that we maintain a nuclear deterrent. But there are lesser nations involved, this time around, causing greater headaches, and principal among these is France.

There are reasons for true indignation at what France did. Because "France" refused us overflight rights, our airborne flotilla was required to make a detour of 1,200 miles, which added a heavy load to the overhead of the mission, both in

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the need for airborne refueling and in the special taxing of the biological and nervous reserves of our pilots. When human beings go into action flying at Mach 1.5 at treetop level dodging torrential anti-aircraft fire, the difference between perfect physical condition and fatigue can be the difference between survival and death. Two of our pilots did not survive.

It wasn't, then, a trivial request we made of the French. We didn't tell them we wanted to fly over France to save the cost of fuel.

At this writing, the mystery is: Who was it, exactly, who said no? Mitterrand? Chirac?

Nobody at this point knows for sure. In the tangled circumstances in France, caused by the victory of the conservatives in the legislative elections, we have the Socialist Mitterrand, who remains chief of state—and commander-in-chief. But get this, if you can: Chirac, as prime minister, appoints the defense minister, who is responsible to him. The rumor has it that Chirac was in favor of granting the U.S. request, Mitterrand opposed: that Chirac claimed he had the latent constitutional power to prevail, but found himself incapable of asserting that position under the requirements of the intramural debate.

It transpires that the U.S. loosened up on its restrictions governing revelations about terrorist activity directed by Qaddafi. What we did, concealing our sources to the best of our ability, was to approach the French and give them concrete evidence of what it was that Qaddafi had next in mind to do.

Quite simple: A group of terrorists had been given instructions to approach the American Embassy in Paris at the high noon of its visa-dispensing activity. The terrorists were then to shower the line of applicants with bombs and small-arms fire, killing as many people as possible. Now, given that American citizens don't need to apply to American embassies for visas to visit their own country, it was plain that the great majority of the people on whom Qaddafi had passed a death sentence would be French. Mr. Mitterrand, we are given to understand, was aware of this at the time he vetoed the American request. What his motives were in declining to cooperate with the United States in a venture designed to protect innocent French as well as innocent Americans we simply cannot know. There are those who say his pique over his failure to attract more French voters is, somehow, vaguely transformed into a resentment of American voters, who, in their maturity, never dallied with Mitterrand-style socialism.

But even if in the days ahead we clear up the Mitterrand problem, we are still left with what one might call, for short, the Reston problem. That esteemed pundit is so full of doubts about the forthright action taken by Mr. Reagan that he is going to go sleepless for as many hours as those pilots on that long, long run in pursuit of that terrible man who, from his cockpit in Tripoli, has been orchestrating death for innocent people. Pray for the leaders of Western Europe, but do not neglect the leaders of American opinion. □

STOCKMAN'S PRIMARY INSIGHT

NEW YORK, APRIL 21

THERE IS a lot to say, and a lot that will be said, about David Stockman's book, one part of which has been distilled and published in *Newsweek*, a second part due this week. But already one point is clear, and it would be a pity if, in the charges and countercharges in the weeks ahead, that point were lost. Over my dead body.

What Stockman tells us is that, to use his own words, when he went to Washington he went as a "radical ideologue." Those two words are not emitted easily from the lips of a conservative, summoning as they do images of Jacobinical courts in France sending people to the guillotine, or Bolshevik planners creating a Gulag for dissidents.

But Stockman meant it in a democratic context. He understood himself to have a mandate to be the fiscal executor of the Reagan Revolution. His job was to see to it that sufficient dismantling of federal programs took place to make possible at one and the same time tax relief, a reduction in inflation, and a balanced budget.

The scene is very dramatic when, on February 10, 1981, four days before the President is scheduled to release his budget plan, the full Cabinet meets, and Stockman is, so to speak, turned on. As in, "Go ahead, David, tell us what we're going to cut."

The moment he begins his enumeration, he runs into opposition. Participants object to projected cuts at the expense of business. But Stockman, thinking to appease the Reagan Cabinet, finds himself getting into the mess that is, in fact, the subject of his book. In his own words:

"I . . . began to tick off a number of so-called social programs we hadn't cut a dime out of. Social Security, Medicare, veterans' benefits, Head Start, Supplemental Security Income for the poor, disabled, and elderly, summer-jobs programs for ghetto youth. But—crucial point—it wasn't that we intended to spare those programs; they would have to be cut too if the whole fiscal plan was to work. It was simply that we hadn't yet got around to cutting them."

So here he is, telling the Reagan Revolution that he has come up with some cuts, but not nearly enough, and that as of this moment he has not yet even begun to hack away at the programs listed. And their response?

" 'That's great!' someone said. 'We've got to get this out.' " Meaning, get it out to the press.

Stockman continues: "The whole point of the Cabinet meeting had been to inform them we would need *$58 billion in additional cuts.* But—in part through my carelessness—they were now about to fence off enormous chunks of the budget and say, in effect, 'See, we haven't touched these!' We were turning into The Gang That Couldn't Cut Straight."

It took Stockman a very long time before he discovered that the Reagan Administration had, for instance, simply stopped thinking about Social Security as a malleable budget feature. If he had known that, he says, he would not have engaged in the struggle to begin with, for the very simple reason that the struggle was not winnable. And he says as much about the Gramm-Rudman bill, whose impact he was asked about by *Newsweek* editors: "On the true core of the welfare-state spending—about a half trillion dollars for everything from Social Security to farm subsidies—Gramm-Rudman won't have any impact because most of that is exempted." In short, he concludes, Mr. Reagan has been trying to square a circle. And circle-squaring expeditions don't work. The laws of geometry forbid that they should work.

Only "a dictator," Stockman concludes, could get Congress to impose the kind of cuts that would result in budget-balancing while maintaining current levels of defense and taxation. We will need to see from episodes to come whether Mr. Stockman has so far deserted his attachment to his radical idealism as to believe that the way to avoid deficits is simply to raise taxes. But he has singled out the most important impediment to serious fiscal reform.

In 1940, when Social Security began, life expectancy was 65. At 65, Americans qualified for Social Security.

In 1986, life expectancy is 75. And Americans get Social Security at age 65.

These data wrench at the whole scaffolding of the welfare state. Unless Social Security is made to correspond to contributions to Social Security, you are left with an imbalance that mocks at the idea of the Reagan Revolution. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

CRAGG HINES:

Just a Wonderful Guy

Ol' Mikhail Gorbachev is turning out to be a real card. He and some of the boys were sitting around the Kremlin the other night. The guy who runs Algeria was in town. It was after dinner. Gorbachev tries to warm up the crowd with a few jokes. A regular Johnny Carson.

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

ATLANTA-AREA BUSINESSWOMAN with traditional values. 32, outgoing, never married, conservative, Protestant Christian. Likes alpine skiing, diving, math, history, and Trivial Pursuits. Wants to meet bright, attractive male with similar values, charm, and personality. Photo preferred. Write NR Box 4299.

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MALE, 17. Interests include chess, golf, politics. Young conservatives, please write NR Box 4298.

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SAN FRANCISCO white male programmer, late 30s, enjoys sports, events, philosophy, seeks introduction to intelligent, attractive, non-smoking, family-oriented potential convert. Photos exchanged. Write NR Box 4297.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Mencken's favorite Indian tribe? 56 43 165 68 177 114 22

B. Partner for AIDS? 120 30 174 151 186

C. First five books of the Old Testament 28 90 149 108 176 3 72 48 18 127

D. Pretentious show 52 119 160 25 95 42 82 170 1 104 134

E. What the fashion-conscious football coach stressed 166 58 46 99 152 24 89 135 9 194

F. City in eastern Ohio 129 181 23 77 93 189 8 38 111 62 146 141

G. How the herder felt after losing a member of the flock 139 101 32 154 15 51 125 71

H. Poe's "box" 36 171 78 17 115 180

I. How the fast-breaking story turned out 55 81 162 21 144 12 66 118 182 94

J. Presidential appointees 6 138 175 123 91 44 157

K. Most facile 65 49 187 117 19 184 100

L. First name in gymnastics 113 29 173 98 193

M. Bygone meeting site (2 words) 86 191 164 110 4 69 37 147

N. Allergy cause—especially for the maid 142 14 155 75 57 102 168

O. *Piers Plowman*, et al. 61 121 31 84 150 96 13 183 161 45

P. Summertime position for Sandy 87 106 2 74 41 188 159 60 132

Q. Miens 27 126 190 67 47 109 11 172 83

R. Vanishing medical position —or the second of three spouses 64 54 79 140 178 34 128

S. Last name in spaghetti Westerns 163 10 136 85 97 33 156 116

T. City in southwestern California 73 158 105 143 16 35 185 192 124

U. Inner wall of a pollen spore 148 131 50 133 169 88

V. Boötes 26 112 40 103 92 5 122 167 63 137 145 76 53

W. Fence-sitter's vote 130 80 20 59 107 153 70 39 7 179

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 D	2 P		3 C	4 M	5 V		6 J	7 W	8 F	9 E	10 S	11 Q	12 I	13 O	14 N			
15 G	16 T	17 H	18 C	19 K	20 W	21 I		22 A	23 F	24 E	25 D		26 V	27 Q	28 C	29 L		
30 B	31 O	32 G		33 S	34 R		35 T	36 H	37 M	38 F	39 W	40 V	41 P		42 D	43 A		
44 J		45 O	46 E	47 Q	48 C	49 K	50 U	51 G	52 D	53 V		54 V	55 I		56 A	57 N		
58 E	59 W	60 P	61 O	62 F		63 V	64 R	65 K	66 I	67 Q	68 A	69 M		70 W	71 G	72 C		
73 T	74 P		75 N	76 V	77 F	78 H	79 R		80 W	81 I		82 D		83 S	84 O	85 S		
86 M	87 P	88 U	89 E	90 C	91 J	92 V		93 F	94 I		95 D	96 O	97 S		98 L	99 E		
	100K	101G	102N		103V	104D	105T	106P	107W	108C		109Q	110M	111F	112V	113L		
	114U	115H	116S		117K	118I	119D		120B	121O	122V	123J	124T	125G		126Q		
127C	128R		129F	130W	131U	132P	133A	134D	135E	136S	137V	138J	139G		140R	141F		
142N	143T		144I	145V	146F	147M	148U	149C	150O		151B	152E		153W	154G	155N		
156S	157J	158T	159P	160D	161O		162I	163S		164M	165A	166E	167V	168N	169U	170D		
	171H	172Q		173L	174B	175J	176C	177A	178R	179W	180H		181F	182I	183O	184K		
	185T	186B	187K	188P	189F		190Q	191M	192T	193L	194E							

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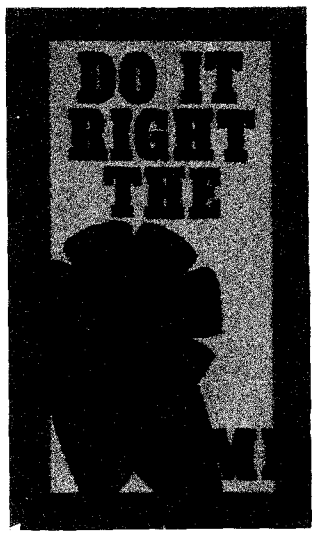

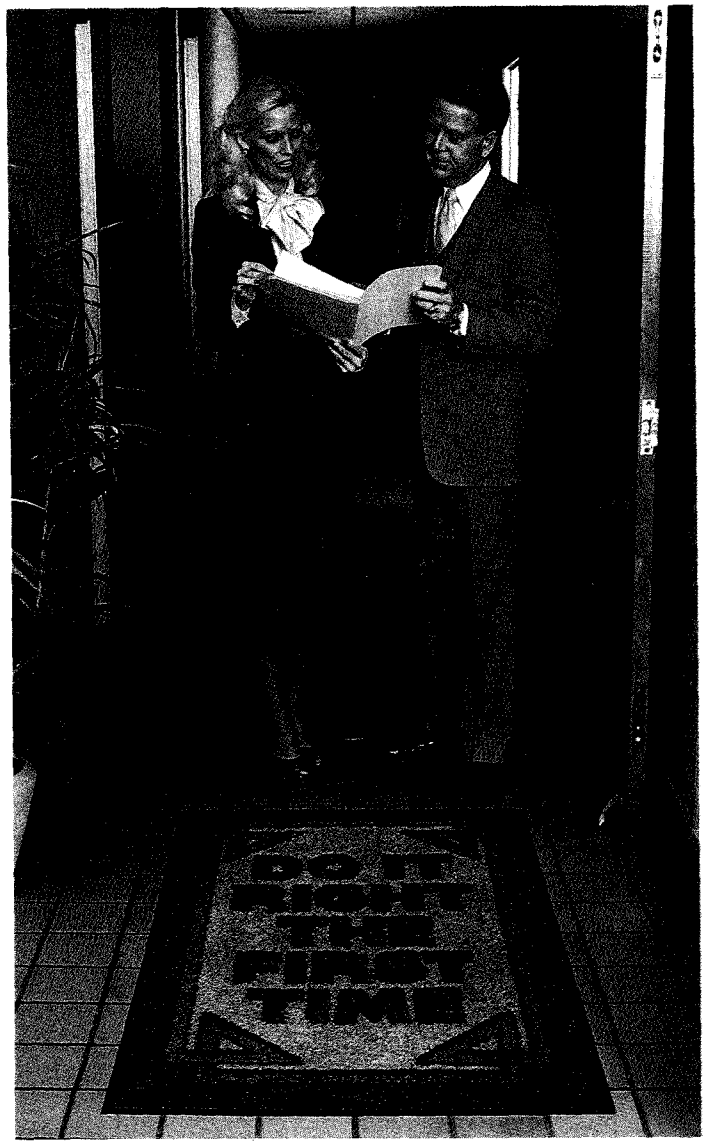

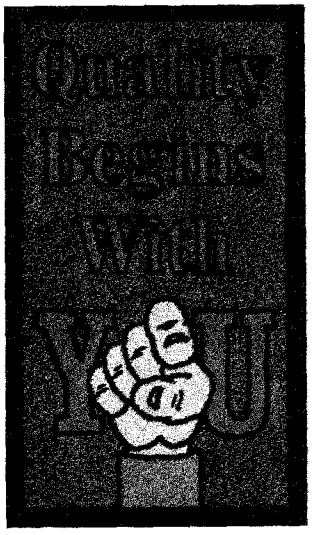

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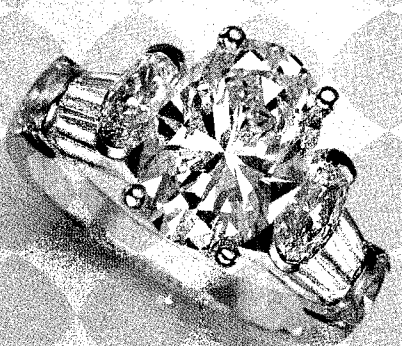

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